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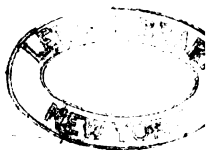
ACCURATELY PRINTED FROM
THE TEXT OF MR. STEEVEN'S
LAST EDITION,
WITH
A SELECTION
OF
MOST IMPORTANT NOTES.

VOLUME III.

CONTAINING
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

LEIPSIC:
PUBLISHED FOR GERHARD FLEISCHER THE YOUNGER

1 8 0 5.



UCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

1. Pedro, *Prince of Arragon.*
2. John, *his bastard brother.*
Claudio, *a young Lord of Florence, favourite to Don Pedro.*
Benedick, *a young Lord of Padua, favoured likewise by Don Pedro.*
Leonato, *Governor of Messina.*
Don John, *his brother.*
Balthazar, *servant to Don Pedro.*
Urchio, } *followers of Don John.*
Borachio, }
Mousetrap, }
Dogberry, } *two foolish officers.*
Overdone, }
Sexton.
Friar.
Boy.

Hero, *daughter to Leonato.*
Julia, *niece to Leonato.*
Margaret, } *gentlewomen attending on Hero.*
Ursula, }

Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.

SCENE, Messina.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before LEONATO's House.

*Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, and Others
with a Messenger.*

Leon. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remember'd by Don Pedro: He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much,

: : : :

that joy could not show itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he is returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid; and challenged him at the bird-bolt. — I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, Lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, Lady,

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady; — But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

4 MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing, — Well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, Sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. — Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, Lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, Lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece,

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter Don PEDRO, attended by BALTHAZAR and others; Don JOHN, CLAUDIO, and BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. — I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, Sir, that you ask'd her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no, for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself: — Be happy, Lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders, for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible, disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turn-coat: — But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart

that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your Ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a Jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato, — Signior Claudio, and Signior Benedick, — my dear friend Leonato, hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my Lord, you shall not be forsworn. — Let me bid you welcome, my Lord: being reconciled to the Prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your Grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together. [*Exeunt all but BENEDICK and CLAUDIO.*]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speak a ter my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgement.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise: too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest, I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack; to tell us Cupid is a good harefinder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

would scarce trust myself,
the contrary, if Hero would be my

it come to this, if faith? Hath not the
man, but he will wear his cap with
Shall I never see a batchelor of three
? Go to, if faith; an thou wilt needs
neck into a yoke, wear the print of
h away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is
o seek you.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

Arg. What secret hath held you here,
followed not to Leonato's?
I would, your Grace would constrain me

edro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.
You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret
humb man; I would have you think so
my allegiance, — mark you this, on
nce: — He is in love. With who?
that is your Grace's part. — Mark, h
his answer is: — With Hero, Leona
daughter.

aud. If this were so, so were it utter'd.
the old tale, my Lord: it is no
indeed, God forb

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretick in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me; Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my Lord; not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out my eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house, for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and call'd Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the horns, and set them in my forehead: and let be vilely painted; and in such great letters they write, *Here is good horse to hire*, let it signify under my sign, — *Here you may see Benedick the married man.*

Claud. If this should ever happen, I should be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for; indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy; and so I commit you —

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house (if I had it,) —

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments and the guards are but slightly basted on neither ere you flout old ends any further, examine conscience; and so I leave you. [*Exit BENE*]

Claud. My liege, your Highness now makes me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach
it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my Liege

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir:

Dost thou affect her Claudio?

Claud. O my Lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. *Pedro*. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the nearer with a book of words:
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it:
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her: Was't not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader
than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity:
Look, what will serve, is fit: 'tis once, thou
lov'st;

And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we shall have revelling to-night;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;

And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine:
In practice let us put it presently. [Exeunt]

S C E N E II.

A Room in LEONATO's House.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my cousin your son? Hath he provided this musick?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dream not of.

Leon. Are they good!

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover, they show well outward. The Prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick pleached alley in my orchard, were thus ~~you~~ overheard by a man of mine: The Prince discovered to Claudio, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, meant to take the present time by the top, instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow; I will send for him and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream it appear itself; — but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true to you, and tell her of it. [*Several persons enter on stage.*] Cousins, you know what you do. — O, I cry you mercy, friend; go y

and I will use your skill: Good cousins,
e a care this busy time. (Exit.)

S C E N E III.

Another Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter Don JOHN and CONTRADE.

Don. What the gonjere, my Lord! why are
i thus out of measure, sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion
t breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Don. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what
ssing bringeth it?

Don. If not a present remedy, yet a patient suf-
fance.

D. John. I wonder, that thou being (as thou
est thou art) born under Saturn, goest about
apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief.
cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I
re cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when
have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure;
ep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's
siness: laugh when I am merry, and claw no
u in his humour.

Don. Yea, but you must not make the full
ow of this, till you may do it without control-
nt. You have of late stood out against your
ther, and he hath taken you newly into his
ce; where it is impossible you should take
e root, but by the fair weather that you make
yourself: it is needful that you frame the season
your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge,
a rose in his grace; and it better fits my

lood to be disdain'd of all, 'than to raba-
arriage to rob love from any: in this, thou
cannot be said to be a flattering honest man
must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing
lain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranc
with a clog: therefore I have decreed not to
in my cage: If I had my mouth, I would
if I had my liberty, I would do my liking
the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek
to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discont

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it
Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper;
Prince, your brother, is royally entertain'
Leonato; and I can give you intelligence o
intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to
mischief on? What is he for a fool, that be
himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right h

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Clau

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and
which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter o
of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick
came you to this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfum
was smoking a musty room, comes me t
and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad con
whipt me behind the arras; and ther
agreed upon, that the Prince should

You are both silent, and I am weary of your way.
Con. To the death, my lord.
D. John. Let us to the grave together: there
cheer is the stranger, that I am weary of.
the cook were of my mind — and we go
prove what's to be done.
Bora. We'll wait upon your ladyship. [Exit]

ACT II SCENE I

A Hall in LEONATO'S House.

*Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and
Others.*

con. Was not Count John here at supper?
ant. I saw him not.
leat. How rarely that gentleman looks! I never
see him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour
re. He is of a very melancholy disposition.
st. He were an excellent man, that were
just in the mid-way between him and Be-
: the one is too like an image, and says
; and the other, too like my lady's eldest
armor tattling.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in
his mouth, and half Count John's
y in Signior Benedick's face, —

With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle,
y enough in his purse, such a man will
woman in the world, — if he could get
will.

By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get
usband, if thou be so shrewd of thy

a faith, she is too curst.

Too curst is more than curst: I shall
d's sending that way: for it is said, *God*
curst cow short horns; but to a cow
he sends none.

So, by being too curst, God will send
orns.

ust, if he send me no husband; for the
lessing, I am at him upon my knees
rning and evening: Lord! I could not
husband with a beard on his face; I
r lie in the woollen.

You may light upon a husband, that
beard.

What should I do with him? dress him
parel, and make him my waiting gentle-

He that hath a beard, is more than a
nd he that hath no beard, is less than a
he that is more than a youth, is not for
he that is less than a man, I am not
efore I will even take six-pence in ear
ar-herd, and lead his apes into hell?
Well then, go you into hell?

No; but to the gate: and there
t me, like an old cuckold, with
ad, and say, *Get you to hell*.

heaven; *here's no place for*
ver I up my apes, and away
the heavens; he shows me
sit, and there live we as
long.

[To HERO.] I trust, you will
 her.

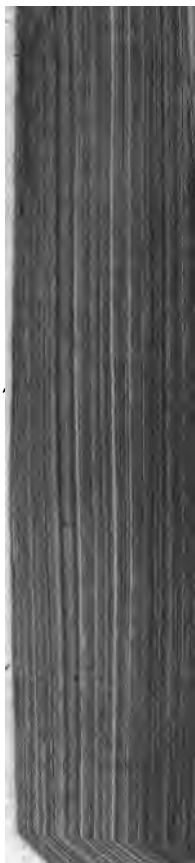
it is my cousin's duty to
 say, *Father, as it please*
 all that, cousin, let him be
 r else make another courtesy,
it please me.

, I hope to see you one day
 l.

ould make men of some other
 ould it not grieve a woman to
 a piece of valiant dust? to
 life to a clod of wayward marl?
 Adam's sons are my brethren;
 sin to match in my kindred.
 member, what I told you: if
 you in that kind, you know

ll be in the musick, cousin,
 in good time: if the Priuce
 l him, there is a measure in
 dance out the answer. For
 ng, wedding, and repeating,
 measure, and a cinque-paces
 nd hasty, like a Scotch jig,
 l; the wedding, mannerly-
 : full of state and ancienry;
 ntance, and, with his bad
 cinque-pace faster and faster,
 grave.

apprehend passing shrewdly.



Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see the church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering; brother, good room.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, THAZAR; Don JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET SULA; and others, mask'd.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweet and say nothing. I am yours for the walk; especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God send, the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be the house.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love
[*Takes her*

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake, for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the heavens cry, amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer.

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of the way when the dance is done! — Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is

DO ABOUT NOTHING. 19

ou well enough; you are Signior

d, I am not.

you by the wagging of your

ou true, I counterfeit him.

uld never do him so ill, well,

the very man: Here's his dry

vn; you are he, you are he.

ed, I am not.

ne; do you think I do not know

ellent wit? Can virtue hide itself?

a are he: graces will appear, and

u not tell me who told you so?

u shall pardon me.

l you not tell me who you are?

v.

was disdainful, — and that I had

t of the *Hundred merry Tales*;

as Signior Benedick that said so.

he?

re, you know him well enough.

believe me.

never make you laugh?

you, what is he?

he is the Prince's jester: a very

his gift is in devising impossible

ut libertines delight him; and the

not in his wit, but in his vil-

th pleaseth men, and angers them,

ugh at him, and beat him: I am

he fleet; I would he had board-

I know the gentleman, I'll tell

ay.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison on two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge' wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Musick within.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all but Don JOHN, BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO.*]

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don JOHN and BORA.*]

Claud. Thus answer I in the name of Be-
But hear these ill news with the ears
dio. —

'Tis certain so; — the Prince wooes for
Friendship is constant in all other thing
Save in the office and affairs of love:

DO ABOUT NOTHING.

21

hearts in love use their own tongues;
Associate for itself,
Content: for beauty is a witch,
Whose charms faith melteth into blood.
Out of hourly proof,
I am not; Farewell therefore, Hero!

Enter BENEDICK.

Claudio.

Hero same.

Will you go with me?

Hero?

O the next willow, about your
Countess. What fashion will you
of? About your neck, like an
or under your arm, like a lieutenant
must wear it one way, for the
your Hero.

Him joy of her.

He's spoken like an honest drover;
Hecks. But did you think, the
he served you thus?

You, leave me.

You strike like the blind man;
He stole your meat, and you'll

Will not be, I'll leave you.

[Exit.]

O hurt fowl! Now will he creep
out, that my lady Beatrice should
not know me! The Prince's fool!
I go under that title, because
Yea; but so; I am apt to do
I am not so reputed: it is the
disposition of Beatrice, that puts

d will of this young lady; and I offered company to a willow tree, either to wear a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault? *Bene.* The flat transgression of a school-boy, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, and taking it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod might have made, and the garland too; for the gentleman might have worn himself; and the rod might have bestow'd on you, who, as I take, have stol'n his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying with faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel with you; the gentleman, that danced with her,

... her villainous,
 ... near her, she would infect
 the north star. I would not marry her,
 though she were endowed with all that Adam
 had left him before he transgress'd: she would
 have made Hercules have turn'd spit; yea, and
 have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come,
 talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal
 Até in good apparel. I would to God, some
 scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while
 she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as
 in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, be-
 cause they would go thither; so, indeed, all
 disquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her.

Re-enter CLAUDIO, and BEATRICK.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bess. Will your Grace command me any service
 to the world's end? I will go on the slightest
 errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise
 to send me on; I will fetch you a
 now from the farthest

Bene. O God, Sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [Exit.]

D. Pedro. Come, Lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my Lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before, he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, Lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, Count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my Lord.

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, Count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I'faith, Lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match, and all Grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, Count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.

— *Lady,* as you are mine, I am yours: I give

away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak, neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, Lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my Lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care: — My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! — Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd; I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a husband.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, Lady?

Beat. No, my Lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your Grace is too costly to wear every day; — But, I beseech your Grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my Lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. — Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. — By your Grace's pardon.

[Exit BEATRICE.]

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pl lady.

Leon. There's little of the melan in her, my Lord: she is never sad, sleeps; and not ever sad then; for my daughter say, she hath often d happiness, and waked herself with

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to husband.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent nedick.

Leon. O Lord, my Lord, if t a week married, they would ta mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my Lord: crutches, till love have all his rites

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear: hence a just sevennight; and a too, to have all things answer my

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the h a breathing; but, I warrant thee, time shall not go dully by us; I w terim, undertake one of Hercules' la is, to bring Signior Benedick, and trice into a mountain of affection, the other. I would fain have it a donbt not but to fashion it, if y but minister such assistance as I sh direction.

Leon. My Lord, I am for you, t me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my Lord.

Hero. I will do any modest office, my Lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him: he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick: — and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Another Room in LEONATO's House.

Enter Don JOHN and BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my Lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my Lord; but so convertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your Lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out of her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the Prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the Prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despise them, will I endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio, alone: tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and Claudio, as — in love of your brother's honour who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid, — that you have discover'd thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Borchio; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth in Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

LEONATO'S Garden.

Enter BENEDICK and a Boy.

Bene. Boy, —

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, Sir.

Bene. I know that; — but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*] — I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: And such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabour and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile afoot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so con-

anger,
and her hair shew
God. Ha! the Prince and
hide me in the harbour.

Enter Don PEDRO, LEONATO, and CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this musick?
Claud. Yea, my good Lord: — How still the

evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath
himself?

Claud. O, very well, my Lord: the mu-
sick ended,

We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.

Enter BALTHAZAR, with musick.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear the
again.

Balth. O good my Lord, 'tis not so bad
To slander musick any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of ex-
To put a strange face on his own perfect
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. . 31 .

A. Because you talk of wooing, I will
sing:

many a wooer doth commence his suit
er he thinks not worthy; yet he woos;
will he swear, he loves.

Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come:
if thou wilt hold longer argument,
in notes.

Itk. Note this before my notes,
's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that
he speaks;

notes, forsooth, and noting! [Music.

ne. Now, *Divine air!* now is his soul
h'd! — Is it not strange, that sheeps' guts
ld hale souls out of men's bodies? — Well,
rn for my money, when all's done.

BALTHAZAR sings.

I.

LTH. *Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blith and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.*

II.

*Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, etc.*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my Lord.

D. Pedro. Ha! no; no; faith; thou sing'st well enough for a shift.

Bene. [*Aside.*] Ah he had been a dog, that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him: and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; [*To CLAUDIO.*] — Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent musick; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my Lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exeunt BALTHAZAR and musick.*] Come hither, Leonato: What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay: — Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. [*Aside to PEDRO.*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

[*Aside.*]

Leon. By my troth, my Lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection, — it is past the infinite o' thought.

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pe

Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows

aud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

[*Aside.*

son. What effects, my Lord! She will sit you,
You heard my daughter tell you how.

aud. She did, indeed.

Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze

I would have thought her spirit had been
incible against all assaults of affection.

son. I would have sworn it had, my Lord;
cially against Benedick.

ene. [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but
the white bearded fellow speaks it: knavery
not, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

aud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up.

[*Aside.*

Pedro. Hath she made her affection known
Benedick?

son. No; and swears she never will: that's
torment.

aud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter
: *Shall I*, says she, *that have so oft encoun-*
d him with scorn, write to him that I love
?

son. This says she now when she is begin-
g to write to him: for she'll be up twenty
as a night; and there will she sit in her smock,
she have writ a sheet of paper: — my daughter
us all.

aud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I
ember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

son. O! — When she had writ it, and was
ling it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice
ween the sheet? —

aud. That.

L. III.

Leon. O! she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence: 'rail'd at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: *I measure him*, says she, *by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.*

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; — *O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!*

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself; it is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him: She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my Lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would, she had bestowed this dotation on me; I would have daff'd all other respects, and made her half myself: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely, she will die: for she says, she will die if he love her not; and

she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accusom'd crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece: Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my Lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we'll hear further of it by your daughter, let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. [*Aside.*

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.*

BENEDICK advances from the Arbour.

Bene. This can be no trick: The conference was sadly borne. — They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. — I did never think to marry: — I must not seem proud: — Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous; — 'tis so, I cannot reprove it: and wise, but for loving me: — By my troth, it is no addition to her wit; — nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. — I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage: But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: The world

must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. — Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal: — You have no stomach, Signior; fare you well.

[Exit.]

Bene. Ha! *Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner* — there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me* — that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks: — If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. *[Exit.]*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

LEONATO's Garden.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour;
 There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
 Proposing with the Prince and Claudio:
 Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
 Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
 Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us;
 And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
 Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
 Forbid the sun to enter; — like favourites,
 Made proud by Princes, that advance their
 pride

Against that power that bred it: — there will
 she hide her,

To listen our propose: This is thy office,
 Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you,
 presently. [Exit.]

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
 As we do trace this alley up and down,
 Our talk must only be of Benedick:
 When I do name him, let it be thy part
 To praise him more than ever man did merit:
 My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
 Is sick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter

FROM ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

89

little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

Enter BEATRICE, behind.

Look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
by the ground, to hear our conference.
The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
with her golden oars the silver stream,
readily devour the treacherous bait;
ple we for Beatrice; who even now
ched in the woodbine coverture;
ou not my part of the dialogue.

Then go we near her, that her ear lose
nothing
false sweet bait that we lay for it. —

[They advance to the bower.]

Ursula, she is too disdainful;
her spirits are as coy and wild
rds of the rock.
ut are you sure,
edick loves Beatrice so entirely?
o says the Prince, and my new-trothed
lord.

ad did they bid you tell her of it,
Madam?

hey did intreat me to acquaint her
of it:

aded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
n wrestle with affection.
o let Beatrice know of it.
y did you so? Doth not the gentle-
man

ill, as fortunate a bed,
ice shall couch upon?
od of love! I know, he doth deserve
ay be yielded to a man:

But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
 Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
 Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
 Misprising what they look on; and her wit
 Values itself so highly, that to her
 All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
 Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
 She is so self-endear'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so:

And therefore, certainly, it were not good
 She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw
 man,

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely
 featur'd,

But she would spell him backward: if fair-
 faced,

She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister;

If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,

Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;

If low, an agate very vilely cut:

If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;

If silent, why, a block moved with none.

So turns she every man the wrong side out:

And never gives to truth and virtue, that

Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commend-
 able.

Hero. No: not to be so odd, and from all
 fashions,

As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:

But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,

She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me

Out of myself, press me to death with wit.

Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,

Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:

2 is as bad as die with tickling.

o. No; rather I will go to Benedick,

truly, I'll devise some honest slanders

much an ill word may impoison liking.

cannot be so much without true judgement,

e is priz'd to have,) as to refuse

e. He is the only man of Italy.

. I pray you, be not angry w

rape, for bearing, argument, and

v. Indeed, he hath an excellent

are you married, Madam?

go in;

is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

her, Madam?

Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt HERO and URBULA.*

BEATRICE *advances.*

4. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?

and I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band:

For others say, thou dost deserve; and I

Believe it better than reportingly. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

A Room in LEONATO's House.

*Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and
LEONATO.*

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my Lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bens. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What? sigh for the tooth-ach?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Bens. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutch-man to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet: Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o' mornings; What should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his check hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: Can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, The sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lutestring, and now govern'd by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed that tells a heavy tale for him: Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach. — Old Signior, walk aside with me; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt BENEDICK and LEONATO.*]

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have by this play'd their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet:

Enter Don JOHN.

D. John. My Lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you; — yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of, concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

n. Means your Lordship to be married
w? [To CLAUDIA.

bro. You know, he does.

n. I know not that, when he knows
now.

If there be any impediment, I pray you
it.

n. You may think, I love you not; let
ar hereafter, and aim better at me by
ow will manifest: For my brother, I
e holds you well; and in dearness of
h help to effect your ensuing marriage:
it ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

bro. Why, what's the matter?

n. I came hither to tell you; and, cir-
es shorten'd, (for she hath been too long
of,) the lady is disloyal.

Who? Hero?

bro. Even she? Leonato's Hero, your
ery man's Hero.

Disloyal?

n. The word is too good to paint out
edness; I could say, she were worse;
u of a worse title, and I will fit her to
ider not till further warrant: go but
to - night, you shall see her chamber-
enter'd; even the night before her wed-
: if you love her then, to - morrow wed
: it would better fit your honour to
our mind.

May this be so?

bro. I will not think it.

n. If you dare not trust that you see,
ot that you know: if you will follow
I show you enough; and when you have
, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night *why* I should not marry her to-morrow; in the *congregation*, where I should wed, there will I *shame* her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wdoed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparege her no farther; till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till mid-night, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned:

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented!

So will you say, when you have seen the sequel.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

A Street.

Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 Watch. Hugh Oatcake, Sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal; God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable, —

... I knew it would be your
... well, for your favour, Sir, why, give
thanks: and make no boast of it; and for
writing and reading, let that appear when
is no need of such vanity. You are thought
to be the most senseless and fit man for the
able of the watch; therefore bear you the
n: This is your charge; You shall compre-
all vagrom men; you are to bid any man
, in the Prince's name.

Watch. How if he will not stand?

gb. Why then, take no note of him, but
im go; and presently call the rest of the
together, and thank God you are rid of a
.

rg. If he will not stand when he is bidden,
none of the Prince's subjects.

gb. True, and they are to meddle with none
he Prince's subjects; — You shall also make
oise in the streets; for, for the watch to
and to talk, is most tolerable and not to
ured.

atch. We will rather sleep than talk; we
what belongs to a watch.

b. Why, you speak like an ancient and
quiet watchman; for I cannot see how
should offend; only, have a care that
ls be not stolen: — Well, you are to
ll the alehouses, and bid those that are
d them to bed.

ch. How if they will not?

Why then, let them alone till they are
they make you then the better answer,
say, they are not the men you took

. Well, Sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

a Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you to take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

a Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it bays, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the Prince's own person; if you meet the Prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay by'r lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the Prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg.

B. By'r lady, I think, it be so.

B. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: be any matter of weight chances, call up keep your fellows' counsels and your own, good night. — Come, neighbour.

Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: go sit here upon the church-bench till and then all to-bed.

B. One word more, honest neighbours: I you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a coil to night: Adieu, be vigilant, I be you. *[Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES.]*

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

B. What! Conrade, —

Watch. Peace, stir not. *[Aside.]*

B. Conrade, I say!

B. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

B. Mass, and my elbow itch'd; I thought, would a scab follow.

B. I will owe thee an answer for that; and forward with thy tale.

B. Stand thee close then under this pent, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a runnard, utter all to thee.

Watch. *[Aside.]* Some treason, masters; yet close.

B. Therefore know, I have earned of Don a thousand ducats.

B. Is it possible that any villainy should be it?

B. Thou should'st rather ask, if it were the any villainy should be so rich; for when villains have need of poor ones, poor ones take what price they will.

.. III.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows, thou art unconfirm'd: *Thou* knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hose, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But see'st thou not, what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief this seven year; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. See'st thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night, — I tell this tale vilely; — I should first tell thee, how the Prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

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ed by my master Don John, saw afar off in
chard this amiable encounter.

And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

2. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio: the devil my master knew she was Margaret, and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which confirmed any slander that Don John had made, went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, he was appointed, next morning at the church, and there, before the whole congregation, to marry her with what he saw over-night, and to leave her home again without a husband.

Watch. We charge you in the Prince's name,

Watch. Call up the right master constable: we have here recovered the most dangerous piece of heresy that ever was known in the common-law.

Watch. And one Deformed is one of them; show him, he wears a lock.

2. Masters, masters, —

Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, present you.

2. Masters; —

Watch. Never speak; we charge you, let us hear you to go with us.

2a. We are like to prove a goodly commodity being taken up of these men's bills.

2b. A commodity in question, I warrant you. We'll obey you.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

A Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, Lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

[Exit URSULA.]

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner: and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with silver; set with pearls, down sleeves, side-sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, Lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not

our lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say, saving your reverence, *a husband*: an bad thinking do not wrest me speaking, I'll offend no body: Is there any rm in — *the heavier for a husband*? None, think, an it be the right husband, and the ght wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: k my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the k tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into — *Light o' love*; that es without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll ice it.

Beat. Yea, *Light o' love*, with your heels! — n if your husband have stables enough, you'll he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn t with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time i were ready. By my troth I am exceeding — hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband.

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turn'd Turk, the no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one ir heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the Count sent me, they an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuff'd, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuff'd! there's ~~goodly~~ catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! *how* long have you profess'd apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it: Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. — By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distill'd Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was such another; and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the Prince, the Count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

to dress me, good coz, good Meg,
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Room in LEONATO'S House.

LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

What would you with me, honest

men, Sir, I would have some confidence, that deceives you not.

For I pray you; for you see, 'tis a hard matter.

Why, this it is, Sir.

In truth it is, Sir.

What is it, my good friends?

Old man Verges, Sir, speaks a little off; an old man, Sir, and his wits are not good; help, I would desire they were; honest, as the skin between his

I thank God, I am as honest as the skin, that is an old man, and no more.

Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*, gentlemen.

Why, you are tedious.

Excuses your Worship to say so, but for Duke's officers; but, truly, for me, if I were as tedious as a King, I would have my heart to bestow it all of your

tediousness on me! ha!

And 'twere a thousand times more; I hear as good exclamation on your

Worship, as of any man in the city: and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, Sir, our watch to-night, excepting your Worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, Sir: he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see! — Well said, ifaith, neighbour Verges: — well, God's a good man; An two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind: — An honest soul, ifaith, Sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but, God is to be worshipp'd: All men are not alike; alas good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, Sir: our watch, Sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicuous persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your Worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO and Messenger.]

Dogb. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol; we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that [*Touching his forehead.*] shall drive some of them to a non com: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The inside of a Church.

Enter Don PEDRO, Don JOHN, LEONATO, Friar, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, and BEATRICE, etc.

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward
diment why you should not be conjoined, I bid
you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my Lord.

Friar. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men
do! what men daily do! not knowing
they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why,
some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar: — Father, by
leave;

Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her

Claud. And what have I to give you
whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift!

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her a

Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble th
fulness. —

There, Leonato, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her
hour: —

Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:

O, what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Comes not that blood, 'as modest evidence,

To witness simple virtue? Would you not sw

All you that see her, that she were a maid,

By these exterior shows? But she is none;

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty,

Leon. What do you mean, my Lord?

Claud. Not to be married.

Not kait my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my Lord, if you, in your own
proof

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity, —

Claud. I know what you would say; If I
have known her,

You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,

And so extenuate the forehand sin:

No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large;

But, as a brother to his sister, show'd

Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write
against it:

You seem to me as Dian in her orb;

As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;

But you are more intemperate in your blood

Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals

That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth speak so
wide?

Leon. Sweet Prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak?

stand dishonour'd, that have gone about

link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken? or do I but
dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things
are true.

Hero. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True, O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the Prince? Is this the Prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so: But what of this,
Lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to
daughter;

And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art
child.

Hero. O God defend me! how am I beset!
What kind of catechizing call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to y
name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot
name

With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour,
Lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.
Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear; Upon mine honour
Myself, my brother, and this grieved Count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are
Not to be nam'd, my Lord, not to be spoke o
There is not chastity enough in language,

Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty
Lady,

I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! fa-
rewell!

Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point
for me? [*NERO swoons.*]

Beat. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink
you down?

D. John. Come, let us go: these things, come
thus to light.

Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don PEDRO, Don JOHN, and
CLAUDIO,*

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think; — Help, uncle; —
Hero! why, Hero! — Uncle! — Signior Bene-
dick! — friar!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, Lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea; Wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly
thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny

The story that is printed in her blood? —
 Dost not live, Hero; do not open thine eyes:
 For did I think thou would'st not quickly die,
 I thought thy spirits were stronger than thy
 shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
 Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
 Child I for that at frugal nature's frame?
 O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
 Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
 Why had I not, with charitable hand,
 Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
 Who smirched thus, and mixed with infamy,
 I might have said, *No part of it is mine,
 This shame derives itself from unknown loins?*
 But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
 And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
 That I myself was to myself not mine,
 Valuing of her; why, she — O, she is fallen
 Into a pit of ink; that the wide sea
 Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
 And salt too little, which may season give
 To her foul tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, Sir, be patient:

For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
 I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last
 night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last
 night,

I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd confirm'd! O, that is strange
 made,

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
 Would the two Princes lie? and Claudio lie?

who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness.
Vash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her
die.

Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long,
and given way unto this course of fortune,
by noting of the lady: I have mark'd
a thousand blushing apparitions start-
into her face; a thousand innocent shames
in angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
and in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
to burn the errors that these Princes hold
against her maiden truth: — Call me a fool;
trust not my reading, nor my observations,
which with experimental seal doth warrant
the tenour of my book; trust not my age,
my reverence, calling, nor divinity,
if this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:

thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,
, that she will not add to her damnation
sin of perjury; she not denies it:
why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
that which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are ac-
cus'd of?

Hero. They know, that do accuse me; I know
none:

know more of any man alive,
that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
all my sins lack mercy! — O my father,
you that any man with me convers'd
ours unmeet, or that I yesternight
kind the change of words with any creature,
me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in
Princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very ben
honour;

And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not; if they speak but truth
her,

These hands shall tear her; if they wrong
honour,

The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause a while,

And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the Princes left for dead;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto her burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? What
this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on
behalf

Change slander to remorse; that is some good;
But not for that, dream I on this strange dream
But on this travail look for greater birth.

She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
 Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
 Shall be lamented, pitied and excus'd,
 Of every hearer: For it so falls out,
 That what we have we prize not to the worth,
 Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
 Why, then we rack the value; then we find
 The virtue, that possession would not show us
 Whiles it was ours? — So will it fare with

Claudio:

When he shall hear she died upon his words,
 The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
 Into his study of imagination;
 And every lovely organ of her life
 Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
 More moving-delicate, and full of life,
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
 Than when she liv'd indeed; — then shall he
 mourn,

(If ever love had interest in his liver,)
 And wish he had not so accused her;
 No, though he thought his accusation true.
 Let this be so, and doubt not but success
 Will fashion the event in better shape,
 Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
 But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
 The supposition of the lady's death
 Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
 And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
 (As best befits her wounded reputation,)
 In some reclusive and religious life,
 Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
 And though, you know, my inwardness and love
 Is very much unto the Prince and Claudio,
 Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
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As secretly, and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented; presently aw
For to strange sores strangely they str
cure. —

Come, Lady, die to live: this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patient
endure.

[*Exeunt FRIAR, HERO, and LEON.*]

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept
while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while lon

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair co
wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man
of me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such frien

Beat. A very even way, but no such f

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours

Bene. I do love nothing in the world s
as you; is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know n
were as possible for me to say, I loved n
so well as you: but believe me not; and
lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny no
— I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou loves

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you lo
and I will make him eat it, that says, I lo
you.

Beat. Will you not eat ybur word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it: I protest, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have staid me in a happy hour; I was about to protest, I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Hal not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here; — There is no love in you: — Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice, —

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slander'd, scorn'd, dishonour'd my kinswoman? — O, that I were a man! — What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with publick accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour — O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice.

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window? — a proper saying!

Bene. Nay but, Beatrice; —

Beat. Sweet Hero! — she is wrong'd, she is slander'd, she is undone.

Bene. Beat —

Beat. Princes, and Counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-confect; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But 'manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it: — I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: by this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul, the Count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you: By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account: As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say, she is dead; and so farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Prison.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appear'd?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me. — What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray write down — Borachio — Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, Sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down — master gentleman Conrade. — Masters, do you serve God?

Con. Bora. Yea, Sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down — that they hope they serve God: — and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! — Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, Sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you, but I will go about with him. — Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, Sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside. — Fore God, they are both in a tale: Have you writ down — that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the efiest way: —
Let the watch come forth: — Masters, I charge
you, in the Prince's name, accuse these men.

1 Watch. This man said, Sir, that Don John,
the Prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down — Prince John a villain: —
Why this is flat perjury, to call a Prince's brother
— villain.

Bora. Master constable, —

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like
thy look; I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thou-
sand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady
Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean;
upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole
assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into
everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you
can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly
stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused,
in this very manner refused, and upon the grief
of this, suddenly died. — Master constable, let
these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's;
I will go before and show him their examination.

[*Exit.*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Verg. Let them be in band.

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down — the Prince's officer, excomb. — Come, bind them: — Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? — O that he were ere to write me down — an ass! — But, masters, remember, that I am an ass! though it be not written done, yet forget not that I am an ass: — No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, shall be proved upon thee by good witnesses. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him: — Bring me away. O, that I had been writ down — an ass!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before LEONATO's House.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself; and 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel, which falls into mine ears as profitless

As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
 Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
 But such a one whose wrongs do suit with
 mine.

Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,
 Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
 And bid him speak of patience;
 Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
 And let it answer every strain for strain;
 As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
 In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
 If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard:
 Cry — Sorrow, wag! and hem, when he should
 groan;

Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
 With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
 And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man: For, brother, men
 Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
 Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
 Their counsel turns to passion, which before
 Would give preceptual medicine to rage;
 Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
 Charm ach with air, and agony with words:
 No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
 But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
 To be so moral, when he shall endure
 The like himself: therefore give me no counsel:
 My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing
 differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and
 blood;

For there was never yet philosopher,
 That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;

And make a pish at chance and sufferance.
Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
 Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.
Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will
 do so:

My soul doth tell me, Hero, is bely'd;
 And that shall Claudio know, so shall the Prince,
 And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.
Ant. Here comes the Prince, and Claudio,
 hastily.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.
Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my Lords, —

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.
Leon. Some haste, my Lord! — well, fare you
 well, my Lord: —

you so hasty now? — well, all is one.
Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good
 old man.

If he could right himself with quarreling,
 of us would lie low.
id. Who wrongs him?

Marry,
 thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler,
 thou: —
 ever lay thy hand upon thy sword,
 ice, not.

Marry, beshrew my hand,
 ould give your age such cause of fear:
 my hand meant nothing to my sword.
 Tush, tush, man, never flee and jest
 at me:
 t like a dotard, nor a fool;

As, under privilege of age, to brag
 What have I done being young, or what would do
 Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,
 Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me
 That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
 And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
 Do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say, thou hast bely'd mine innocent child;
 Thy slander hath gone through and through his
 heart,

And she lyes buried with her ancestors:
 O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
 Save this of her's, fram'd by thy villainy.

Claud. My villainy!

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
 Despite his nice fence, and his active practice,
 His May of youth, and bloom of hastyhood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you

Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd
 my child;

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
 But that's no matter; let him kill one first; —
 Win me and wear me, — let him answer
 me: —

Come; follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me:
 Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
 Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother, —

Ant. Content yourself: God knows, I lov'd my
 niece;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains;
 That dare as well answer a man, indeed,

Claud. We had like to have had our two snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother: think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true wit. I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, would fain have it beaten away: Wilt thou thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard; Shall I draw?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very have been beside their wit. — I will bid draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to sure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he pale: — Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What thou care kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the case; an you charge it against me: — I pray choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff; last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more; I think, he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain; — I jest not; I will make it good how you dare, with what

dare, and when you dare: — Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you: Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say, my knife's naught. — Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day: I said, thou hadst a fine wit; *True*, says she, *a fine little one*: No, said I, *a great wit*; *Right*, says she, *a great gross one*: Nay, said I, *a good wit*; *Just*, said she, *it hurts no body*: Nay, said I, *the gentleman is wise*; *Certain*, said she, *a wise gentleman*: Nay, said I, *he hath the tongues*; *That I believe*, said she, *for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue, there's two tongues*. Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said, she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, *God saw him when he was hid in the garden*.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man?*

Bena. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. — 'My Lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, kill'd a sweet and innocent lady: For my lord Lack-beard, there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him. [*Exit BENEDICK.*

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let be; pluck up, my heart, and be sad! Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, Sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!

Claud. Harken after their offence, my Lord!

Pedro. Officers, what offence have these
one?

B. Marry, Sir, they have committed false
moreover, they have spoken untruths;
arily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly,
ave bely'd a lady; thirdly, they have veri-
just things: and, to conclude, they are
unaves.

Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have
thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence;
and lastly, why they are committed; and,
clude, what you lay to their charge.

d. Rightly reasoned, and in his own divi-
nd, by my troth, there's one meaning well

Pedro. Who have you offended, masters,
on are thus bound to your answer? this
constable is too cunning to be understood:
your offence?

a. Sweet Prince, let me go no further to
nswer; do you hear me, and let this Count

e. I have deceived even your very eyes;
your wisdoms could not discover, these
r fools have brought to light; who, in
ght, over-heard me confessing to this man,
Don John your brother incensed me to
the lady Hero; how you were brought
ie orchard, and saw me court Margaret in
garments; how you disgraced her, when
ould marry her: my villainy they have
record; which I had rather seal with my
than repeat over to my shame: the lady is
pon mine and my master's false accusation;
icely, I desire nothing but the reward of a

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison, whiles ter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the p of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram treachery: —

And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image appear

In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; I time our Sexton hath reform'd Signior Leon the matter: And masters, do not forget cify, when time and place shall serve; tha an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior Le and the Sexton too.

Re - enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me eyes;

That when I note another man like him, I may avoid him: Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronge on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy hast kill'd

Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beley'st

to stand a pair of honourable men,
 third is fled, that had a hand in it:
 thank you, Princes, for my daughter's death;
 cord it with your high and worthy deeds;
 was bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
 t I must speak: Choose your revenge yourself;
 pose me to what penance your invention
 n lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not,
 it in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
 ad yet, to satisfy this good old man,
 would bend under any heavy weight
 at he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
 at were impossible; but I pray you both,
 assess the people in Messina here
 ow innocent she died: and, if your love
 in labour aught in sad invention,
 ing her an epitaph upon her tomb,
 ad sing it to her bones; sing it to night: —
 -morrow morning come you to my house;
 ad since you could not be my son-in-law,
 : yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
 lmost the copy of my child that's dead,
 nd she alone is heir to both of us;
 ive her the right you should have given her
 cousin,

ad so dies my revenge.

Claud. O, noble Sir,
 our over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
 do embrace your offer; and dispose
 or henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To - morrow then I will expect your
 coming;

o - night I take my leave. — This naughty man
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Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hid'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke
to me;

But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, Sir, (which, indeed, is not
under white and black,) this plaintiff here, the
offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be
remembered in his punishment: And also, the
watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they
say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hang-
ing by it; and borrows money in God's name;
the which he hath used so long, and never paid,
that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend
nothing for God's sake: Pray you, examine him
upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest
pains.

Dogb. Your Worship speaks like a most thank-
ful and reverend youth; and I praise God for
you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner,
and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your
Worship; which, I beseech your Worship, to
correct yourself, for the example of others. God
keep your Worship; I wish your Worship well;
God restore you to health: I humbly give you
leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be
wish'd, God prohibit it. — Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Watch.*]

us. Until to-morrow morning, Lords, fare-

t. Farewell, my Lords; we look for you to-morrow.

Pedro. We will not fail.

us. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt D. PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*]

us. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,

her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

LEONATO'S Garden.

Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.

us. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, dwell at my hands, by helping me to the love of Beatrice.

rg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

us. In so high a style, Margaret, that no living shall come over it; for, in most comely thou deservest it.

rg. To have no man come over me? why, I always keep below stairs?

us. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's, it catches.

rg. And your's as blunt as the fencer's, which hit, but hurt not.

us. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not become a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice; she'll be the bucklers.

rg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you put
in the pikes with a vice; and they are dan-
gerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you.
I think, hath legs. [Exit MARGARET.]

Bene. And therefore will come.

*The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve, —* [Sings.]

I mean, in singing; but in loving, — I
am the good swimmer, Troilus the first emper-
or of pandars, and a whole book full of these quack-
carpet-mongers, whose names yet run on
in the even road of a blank verse, why
were never so truly turn'd over and over
poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot show
rhyme; I have try'd; I can find out no rhyme
lady but *baby*, an innocent rhyme; for
horn, a hard rhyme; for *school*, *fool*, a blank
rhyme; very ominous endings: No, I was
born under a rhiming planet, nor I cannot
in festival terms.

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I
thee?

Beat. Yea, Signior, and depart when you
me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. Then, is spoken; fare you well now
and yet, ere I go, let me go with that
for, which is, with knowing what hath
between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkiass'd.

Bene. Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit: But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd so politick a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer-love for me?

Bene. *Suffer love*; a good epithet! I do suffer-love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty, that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours: if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question? — Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore it is most

expedient for the wise, (if Don Worm, His conscience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself: So much for praising myself (who, I myself will bear witness, is praise-worthy,) and now tell me, How doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the Prince and Claudio mightily abused: and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, Signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E III.

The inside of a Church.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants with musick and tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my Lord.

Claud. *[Reads from a scroll.]*

*Done to Death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:*

*Death; in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.*

*So the live, that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.*

*Hang thou there upon the tomb, [affixing it.
Praising her when I am dumb. —*

low, musick, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

S O N G.

*Pardon, Goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight.
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.*

Midnight, assist our moan;

Help us to sigh and groan,

Heavily, heavily:

Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,

Till death be uttered,

Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!

Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your
torches out:

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle
day,

fore the wheels of Phoebus, round about

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey:
hanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters; each his several
way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on
other weeds;

and then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And, Hymen, now with luckier issue
 speed's,
 Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

A Room in LEONATO's House.

*Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE,
 URSULA, Friar and HERO.*

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the Prince and Claudio, who
 accus'd her.

Upon the error that you heard debated:
 But Margaret was in some fault for this;
 Although against her will, as it appears
 In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being eld by faith enforc'd
 To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewoman all,
 Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves;
 And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
 The Prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
 To visit me: — You know your office, brother;
 You must be father to your brother's daughter,
 And give her to young Claudio. *[Exeunt Ladies.]*

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd counte-
 nance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, Signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them. —
 Signior Leonato, truth it is, good Signior,
 Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her; 'Tis most
 true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had
from me,

From Claudio, and the Prince; But what's your
will?

Bene. Your answer, Sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the state of honourable marriage; —
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking,

Friar. And my help.

Here comes the Prince, and Claudio.

Enter Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly,

Leon. Good morrow, Prince; good morrow,
Claudio;

We here attend you; Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar
ready. [*Enter ANTONIO.*]

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick; Why,
what's the matter,

That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull:
Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with
gold,

And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, Sir, had an amiable low,
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow.

And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies mask'd.

Claud. For this I owe you: here come other reckonings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine: Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar; I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife: [*Unmasking.*]

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certainer:

One Hero died desl'd; but I do live,

And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She died, my Lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;

When, after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:

Mean time, let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar. — Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name; [*Unmasking.*]
What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me.

Beat. No, no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the Prince,
and Claudio,

Have been deceived; for they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. No, no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear, you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well - nigh
dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter: — Then, you do
not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the
gentleman.

Claud. And I'll besworn upon't, that he loves her;
For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against
our hearts! — Come, I will have thee; but, by
this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you; — but, by this
good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and,
partly, to save your life, for I was told you were
in a consumption.

Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth. —

[Kissing her.]

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the mar-
ried man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, Prince; a college of
wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour:
Dost thou think, I care for a satire, or an epi-

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

1? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, I shall wear nothing handsome about him: In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy hing, and this is my conclusion. — For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Benc. Come, come, we are friends: — let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, o' my word; therefore, play, musick. — Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than a tipp'd with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, your brother John is taken flight;

And brought with armed men back to Messina.
Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow
devise thee brave punishments for him. —
up, pipers.

These
Leon
Lysa
Ben
Phi
Ga
Se
V

SUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

- Egeus, Duke of Athens.*
Demetrius, Father to Hermia.
Hermia, } in love with Demetrius.
Helena, } Masters of the Revels to Theseus,
Philosophe, the Carpenter.
Demetrius, the Joiner.
Demetrius, the Weaver.
Demetrius, the Bellows-mender.
Demetrius, the Tinker.
Demetrius, the Tailor.
Demetrius, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to
Theseus.
Demetrius, Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.
Demetrius, in love with Demetrius.
Demetrius, King of the Fairies.
Demetrius, Queen of the Fairies.
Demetrius, or Robin-goodfellow, a Fairy.
Demetrius, } Fairies.
Demetrius, } seed.
Demetrius, } Characters in the Interlude per-
Demetrius, } formed by the Clowns.
Demetrius, } iries attending their King and Queen.
Demetrius, } dants on Theseus and Hippolyta.
Demetrius, } Athens, and a Wood nor far from it.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens. *A Room in the Palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager.
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves
in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp. —

[*Exit PHILOSTRATE*]

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revell

EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia. —
Stand forth, Demetrius; — My noble Lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her: —
Stand forth, Lysander; — and, my gracious Duke,
This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats; messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's
heart;

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me.

To stubborn harshness: — And, my gracious
Duke,

Be it so she will not here before your grace

Consent to marry with Demetrius,

I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;

As she is mine, I may dispose of her:

Which shall be either to this gentleman,

or to her death; according to our law,

immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair
maid:

you your father should be as a God;
that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one

To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is:

But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would, my father look'd but with my
eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgement
look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case.
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood
Whether, if you yield not to your father's
choice,

You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up

his Lordship, whose unwished yoke
soul consents not to give sovereignty.

He. Take time to pause: and, by the next new
moon,

The sealing-day betwixt my love and me.
(For everlasting bond of fellowship,)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would:
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia; — And, Lysander,
yield

Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love shall render him;
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my Lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
Not with vantage; as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
am belov'd of beautiful Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
He loves to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet Lady, dotes,
Singly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
On this spotted and inconstant man.

He. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
With Demetrius thought to have spoke the
proof?

being over-full of self-affairs,

L. III.

My mind did lose it. — But, Demetrius,
 And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
 I have some private schooling for you both. —
 For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
 To fit your fancies to your father's will;
 Or else the law of Athens yields you up
 (Which by no means we may extenuate,)
 To death, or to a vow of single life. —
 Come, my Hippolyta; What cheer, my love? —
 Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
 I must employ you in some business
 Against our nuptial; and confer with you
 Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty, and desire, we follow you.

[*Exeunt THESE. HIP. EGE. DEM. and train.*]

Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek
 so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could
 well

Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth;
 But, either it was different in blood;

Her. O cross! too high to be enthralld to love

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;

Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to you!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes!

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice

War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;

Making it momentary as a sound,

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;

Brief as the lightning in the collied night,

That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and

Lys. Keep promise, love: Look, here comes
Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed, fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet
air

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds ap-
pear.

Sickness is catching; O, were favour so!
Your's would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your
eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet
melody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated,
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach me
smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love

Hel. O, that my prayers could such affecti-
move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows;

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty; 'Would that I
were mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see
face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place. —

unto a hell!
to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night when Phoebe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' sighs doth still conceal,
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their council sweet;
There my Lysander and myself shall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies,
Farewel, sweet play-fellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight,
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[*Exit HERMIA.*]

Lys. I will, my Hermia. — Helena, adieu:
I leave you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

[*Exit Lys.*]

Hel. How happy some, o'er other some, can be!
Though Athens I am thought as fair as she.
What of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
As he errs, doting on Hermias's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
How base and vile, holding no

Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
 And therefore is love said to be a child,
 Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd
 As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
 So the boy love is perjur'd every where:
 For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's cyne,
 He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
 And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
 So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
 I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
 Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
 Pursue her; and for this intelligence
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expence:
 But herein mean I do enrich my pain,
 To have his sight thither, and back again. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

The same. A Room in a Cottage.

*Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE,
 and STARVELING.*

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally,
 man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name,
 which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play
 in our interlude before the Duke and Duchess, on
 his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what
 play treats on; then read the names of the ac-
 tors and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is — The mos-
 table comedy, and most cruel death of
 and Thisby.

A. A very good piece of work, I assure you, a merry. — Now, good Peter Quince, call your actors by the scroll: Masters, spread selves.

in. Answer, as I call you. — Nick Bottom, reaver.

t. Ready: Name what part I am for, and ed.

in. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for us.

t. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

in. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly ve.

t. That will ask some tears in the true per-
ing of it: If I do it, let the audience look
eir eyes; I will move storms, I will condole
ne measure. To the rest: — Yet my chief
ur is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rare-
a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

„The raging rocks,
„With shivering shocks,
„Shall break the locks
„Of prison gates!
„And Phibbus' car
„Shall shine from far,
„And make and mar
„The foolish fates.“

was lofty! — Now name the rest of the

s. — This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein;
is more condoling.

n. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

t. Here, Peter Quince.

s. You must take Thisby on you.

t. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play *Thisby* too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice; — *Thisne, Thisne.* — *Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!*

Quin. No, no; you must play *Pyramus*, and *Flute*, you *Thisby*.

Bot. Well proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play *Thisby's* mother. — Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, *Pyramus's* father; myself, *Thisby's* father; — *Snug*, the joiner, you, the *lion's* part: — and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the *lion's* part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the *lion* too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, *Let him roar again, let him roar again.*

Quin. An you should do it soo terribly, you would fright the Duchess and the ladies, that they should shriek; and that were enough hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you fright the ladies out of their wits, they have no more discretion but to hang

aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you
only as any sucking dove; I will roar you
were any nightingale.

in. You can play no part but Pyramus: for
us is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as
shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely,
man-like man; therefore you must needs
Pyramus.

l. Well, I will undertake it. What beard
I best to play it in?

in. Why, what you will.

l. I will discharge it in either your straw-
red beard, your orange-tawny beard, your
le-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-
ar beard, your perfect yellow.

in. Some of your French crowns have no
at all, and then you will play bare-faced. —
masters, here are your parts: and I am to
you, request you, and desire you, to con-
by to-morrow night; and meet me in the
wood, a mile without the town, by moon-
there will we rehearse: for if we meet in
r, we shall be dog'd with company, and
ices known. In the mean time, I will
bill of properties, such as our play wants.
ou fail me not.

We will meet; and there we may rehearse
cenely, and courageously. Take pains;
t; adieu.

At the Duke's oak we meet.

ough; Hold, or cut bow-strings.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

*A Wood near Athens.**Enter a Fairy at one door, and PUCK at another.**Puck.* How now, spirit! whither wander you?*Fai.* Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough briar,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander every where,

Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I serve the fairy Queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green;

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;

In their gold coats spots you see;

Those be rubies, fairy favours:

In those freckles live their favours:

I must go seek some dew-drops here,

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Farewel, thou loq of spirits, I'll be gone;

Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The King doth keep his revels here to
night;

Take heed, the Queen come not within his sight.

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,

Because that she, as her attendant, hath

A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian King;

She never had so sweet a chaig:

jealous Oberon would have the child
 ght of his train, to trace the forests wild:
 she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
 crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her
 joy:

And now they never meet in grove, or green,
 By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
 But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,
 Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making
 quite,

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
 Call'd Robin Good-fellow: are you not he,
 That fright the maidens of the villag'ry;
 Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,
 And bootless make the breathless housewife
 churn;

And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
 Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
 You do their work, and they shall have good
 luck:

Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
 I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab:
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And *tailor* cries, and falls into a cough;

And then the whole quire hold their hips;
loffe;

And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and sw

A merrier hour was never wasted there. —

But room, Faery, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress: — 'Would the
were gone?

S C E N E II.

Enter OBERON, at one door, with his train,

TITANIA, at another, with hers.

Obe. Ill meet by moon-light, proud Titania

Tita. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip he
I have for-worn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton; Am not I thy l

Tita. Then I must be thy lady: But I kne
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?

But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior lov
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Tit
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmer
night

From Perigonia, whom he ravished?

And make him with fair AEGle break his fait
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Titania. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
 And never, since the middle summer's spring,
 Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
 By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
 Or on the beached margin of the sea,
 To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
 But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our
 sport.

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
 As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
 contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
 Have every pelting river made so proud,
 That they have overborne their continents:
 The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
 The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green
 corn

ath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And crows are fatt'd with the murrain flock;
 The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with mud;
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable:
 The human mortals want their winter here;
 No night is now with hymn or carol blest:—
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
 That rheumatic diseases do abound:
 And, thorough this distemperance, we see
 The seasons alter; hoary headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
 And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
 A odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is, as in mockery, set: The spring the summer,
 The childing autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
 By their increase, now knows not which is which:

And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissection;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in y
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sand
Marking the embarked traders on the flood
When we have laugh'd to see the sails come
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind
Which she, with pretty and with swimming
(Following her womb, then rich with my
'squire,)

Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die
And for her sake, I do rear up her boy:
And, for her sake, I will not part with him

Obe. How long within this wood intend
stay?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding
day.

If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your head.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with you.

Tita. Not for thy kingdom. — Fairies,
We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.
[*Exeunt TITANIA, and her*

Ob. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from
this grove,

Till I torment thee for this injury. —

My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's musick,

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time I saw, (but thou could'st
not,)

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry
moon;

And the imperial, vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower, —
Before, milk-white; now purple with love's
wound, —

And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee
once;

The juice of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [Exit Puck.]

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes;
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet with Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you — I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the
more.

I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius.
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me: only give me leave,

Unworthy

Inworthy as I am, to follow you.
 What worser place can I beg in your love,
 And yet a place of high respect with me,
 Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred, of my
 spirit;
 For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick, when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
 To leave the city, and commit yourself
 Into the hands of one that loves you not;
 To trust the opportunity of night,
 And the ill counsel of a desert place,
 With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
 'T is not night, when I do see your face,
 Therefore I think I am not in the night:
 For doth this wood lack worlds of company;
 For you, in my respect, are all the world:
 Then how can it be said, I am alone,
 When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the
 brakes,
 And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts,

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
 Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
 Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
 The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
 Makes speed to catch the tiger: Bootless speed!
 When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
 Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
 But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
 Thou do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
 Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:

We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to
woo.

I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt DEM. and HEL.*]

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave
this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows.
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamel'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies,
May be the lady: Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care; that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her lover.
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not my Lord, your servant shall
do so. [Exeunt.]

Another part of the Wood.

Tit. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
 n, for the third part of a minute, hence;
 e, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
 e, war with rear-mice for their leathern
 wings,
 make my small elves coo; and some, keep
 back
 clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and
 wonders
 our quaint spirits: Sing me now asleep;
 n to your offices, and let me rest.

Fai. *You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy Queen:*

*Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.*

ii.

1 *Fai. Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.*

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody, etc.

Fai. Hence, away; now all is well:

One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA sleeps.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,

[*squeezes the flower on Titania's eye-lids.*

Do it for thy true love take;

Love, and languish for his sake:

Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,

Pard, or boar with bristled hair,

In thy eye that shall appear

When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;

Wake, when some vile thing is near.

[*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in
the wood;

And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,

And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my
dear,

Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;

So that but one heart we can make of it:

- Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily: —
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend;
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be
press'd! [*They sleep.*]

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let love forbid

Sleep his seat on thy cheek
So awake, when I am dead
For I must now to Obedience

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me
trius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, go
me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me?

Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone

Hel. O, I am out of breath,
The more my prayer, the lesser hope
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she
For she hath blessed, and attracted
How came her eyes so bright
tears:

If so, my eyes are oftner wash'd
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear
For beasts that meet me, run away
Therefore, no marvel, though I here
Do, as a monster, fly my presence
What wicked and dissembling
Made me compare with Hermia?
But who is here? Lysander!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood
Lysander, if you live, good Sir,

Lys. And run through fire
sweet Sir,

Transparent Helena! Nature her
That through thy bosom make
Where is Demetrius? O, how
Is that vile name, to perish on

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander

What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what,
though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery
born?

When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good tooth,
you do,

In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*

Lys. She sees not Hermia: — Hermia, sleep
thou there;

And never may'st thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;

would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are: — and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine, that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he come to disfigure, or present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing: we must have wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall. — W say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present w and let him have some plaster, or some lome some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; let him hold his fingers thus, and through cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse parts. Pyramus you begin: when you

spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PECK behind.

Puck. What hempen, home-spuns have we
 swaggering here,
 So near the cradle of the fairy Queen?
 What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
 An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus: — 'Thisby, stand forth,

*Pyr. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours
sweet, —*

Quin. Odours, odours:

Pyr. — *odours savours sweet:*

So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby
 dear. —

*But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [Exit.*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!
[*aside.* — *Exit.*

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

*This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lilly-white
of hue,*

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier.

*Most briskly juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would
never tire.*

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you

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speak all your part at once, cues and all. — Pyramus enter; your cue is past; it is, *never tire*.

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.

This. O, — *As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.*

Pyr. If I were fair, *Thisby*, I were only thine.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! help!

[Exeunt Clowns.]

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake,
through brier;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[Exit.]

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afraid.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass' head of your own; Do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. *[Exit.]*

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I

I not stir from this place, do what they can:
 I'll walk up and down here, and I will sing,
 that they shall hear I am not afraid. [Sings.

The ouzel-cock so black of hue.

With orange-tawny bill,

The throstle with his note so true,

The wren with little quill;

Ita. What angel wakes me from my flowery
 ? [Waking.

It. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,

The plain-song cuckoo gray,

Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And darest not answer, nay; —

indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish
 bird? who would give a bird the lie, though
 cry, cuckoo, never so?

Ita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:

Thy ear is much enamour'd of thy note,

And mine eye entrall'd to thy shape;

And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,

And the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

It. Methinks, Mistress, you should have little

reason for that: And yet, to say the truth, reason

and love keep little company together now-a-days:

more the pity, that some honest neighbours

will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek,

on the occasion.

Ita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

It. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough

to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve

my own turn.

Ita. Out of this wood do not desire to go;

for thou shalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.

It. A spirit, of no common rate;

The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee; therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers
sleep:

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go. —
Pease-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fai. Ready.*

2 *Fai.* And I.

3 *Fai.* And I.

4 *Fai.* Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentle
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries;
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bee;
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eye;
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eye;
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal!

2 *Fai.* Hai!

8 *Fai. Hail!*

4 *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your Worships mercy, heartily beseech, your Worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Rob. I shall desire you of more acquaintance
good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger,

make bold with you. — Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother, and to master Peascod; your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. — Your name, I beseech you, Sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant like, ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methink's, looks with a wat'ry eye;

And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, and bring him
silently. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter OBERON.

Ob. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger. — How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in
 Near to her close and consecrated bower,
 While she was in her dull and sleeping hour
 A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
 That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
 Were met together to rehearse a play,
 Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
 The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort
 Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
 Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
 When I did him at this advantage take,
 An ass's nowl I fix'd on his head;
 Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
 And forth my mimick comes: When they

spy,

As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
 Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
 Rising and cawing at the gun's report
 Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky:
 So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:
 And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er
 falls;

He murder cries, and help from Athens calls:
 Their sense, thus weak, lost with their
 thus strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them wro
 For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch
 Some, sleeves; some, hats: from yielders all
 catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
 And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
 When in that moment (so it came to pass,)
 Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Ode. This falls out better than I could de
 But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eye
 With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do

Puck. I took him sleeping, — that is finish'd
too, —
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

Ob. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the
man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves
you so?

Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide; but I should use thee
worse;

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me: Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the
moon

May through the center creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so
should I,

fiere'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Let you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
O, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my
hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st
the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain hi
Henceforth be never number'd among me
O! once tell true, tell true, even for my
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brav
Could not a worm, an adder, do so muc
An adder did it; for with doubler tongu
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder sti

Dem. You spend your passion on a
mood:

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he

Dem. An if I could, what should I
refores?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead

Dem. There is no following her in th
vein:

Here, therefore, for a while I will remain
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow
Which now in some slight measure it wi
If for his tender here I make some stay.

[*Lie*

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast
quite,

And laid the love-juice on some tru
sight:

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd, and not a fals
true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man hold-
ing troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the
wind,

And Helena of Athens look thou find:

All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer

With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood
dear;

By some illusion see thou bring her here;

I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,

Hit with Cupid's archery,

Sink in apple of his eye!

When his love he doth espy,

Let her shine as gloriously

As the Venus of the sky. —

When thou wak'st, if she be by,

Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,

Helena is here at hand;

And the youth, mistook by me,

Pleading for a lover's fee;

Shall we their fond pageant see?

Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two, at once, woo one;
That must needs be sport alone:

And those things do best please me,

That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think, that I
woo in scorn?

Scorn and derision neyer come in tea
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows
In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them

Hel. You do advance your cunning
more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-ho
These vows are Hermia's; Will you give
Weigh oath with oath, and you will
weigh:

Your vows, to her and me, put in two
Will even weigh; and both as light as t

Lys. I had no judgement, when to her

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you
o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he
you.

Dem. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddess,
perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting
That pure congealed white, high Taurus
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O let me
This Princess of pure white, this seal of

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil; and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

But you must join, in souls, to mock me too?
 If you were men, as men you are in show,
 You would not use a gentle lady so:
 To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
 When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
 You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
 And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
 A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
 To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
 With your derision! none, of noble sort,
 Would so offend a virgin; and extort
 A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
 For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
 And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
 In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
 And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
 Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
 If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
 My heart with her but, as guest-wise, sojourn'd;
 And now to Helen it is home return'd,
 There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not
 know,
 Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear. —
 Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function
 takes,
 The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
 Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
 It pays the hearing double recompence: —

Thou art not by my mine eye, Lysander, found;
 Mine ear, I thank 'it, brought me to thy sound.
 But why unkindly did'st thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth
 press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my
 side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would, not let him
 bide,

Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
 Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.

Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee
 know,

The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
 To fashion this false sport in spite of me.

Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!

Have you conspir'd, have you with these con-
 triv'd

To bait me with this foul derision?

Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 For parting us, — O, and is all forgot?

All school-days' friendship, childhood innocent
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,

Have with our needs created both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key:
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and mind
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;

But yet a union in partition.

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:

So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
 And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words:
 I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
 To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
 And made your other love, Demetrius,
 (Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
 To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
 Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
 To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
 Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
 And tender me, forsooth, affection;
 But by your setting on, by your consent?
 What though I be not so in grace as you,
 So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
 But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
 This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
 Make mows upon me when I turn my back;
 Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
 This sport, well carried, shall be chronikled.
 If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
 You would not make me such an argument.
 But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
 Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;
 My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou 'canst compel no more than she entreat;

Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak prayers. —

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove too.

Dem. Quick, come, —

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop!

Dem. No, no, Sir: — he will

Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;

But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing let loose;

Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,

Sweet love?

Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!

Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee

Dem. I would, I had your bond: for, I receive,

A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, her dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

What, can you do me greater harm, than
hate?

! wherefore? O me! what news, my
love?

I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
fair now, as I was erewhile.
ght, you lov'd me; yet, since night, you
left me:

hen you left me, — O, the gods forbid! —
est, shall I say?

Ay, by my life;

ver did desire to see thee more.

re, be out of hope, of question, doubt,

in, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,

do hate thee, and love Helena.

O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
ief of love! what, have you come by
night,

l'n my love's heart from him?

Fine, ifaith!

ou no modesty, no maiden shame,

ch of bashfulness? What, will you tear

at answers from my gentle tongue?

! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the
game.

perceive that she hath made compare

our statures, she hath urg'd her height;

th her personage, her tall personage,

ight, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with
him. —

e you grown so high in his esteem,

I am so dwarfish, and so low?

ow am I, thou painted maypole? speak;

ow am I? I am not yet so low,

my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me
men,

Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may
Because she's something lower than myself
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter:
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me;
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone: Who is't that
you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid: she shall not have
Helena,

Dem. No, Sir; she shall not, though 'y
her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is like
shrewd:

She was a vixen, when she went to school
And, though she be but little, she is fierce

Her. Little again? nothing but little? —

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that scorns your services,
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, check
by jole.

[*Exeunt Lys. and Dem.*]

Her. You, Mistress, all this coil is 'long of
you:

Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*]

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.
[*Exit, pursuing HELENA.*]

Ob. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, King of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jaugling I esteem a sport.

Oba. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to
fight:

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these teasy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crash this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With leagues, whose date till death shall never
end.

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my Queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be
peace.

Puck. My fairy Lord, this must be done with
haste;

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and
there,

Troop home to church-yards; damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods, have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;

For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd
night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.

[*Exit Obe.*]

Puck. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak
thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where
art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground.

[*Exit Lys. as following the voice.*]

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide
thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou braggin'
stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for v
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; con
child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defild,
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no
here. [

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares
When I come where he calls, then he is
The villain is much lighter-heel'd, than I
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark nueven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle
[Lie
For if but once thou show me thy grey
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho! ho, ho! Coward, why
thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every pla
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the
Where art thou?

Puck. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Th
buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth

To measure out my length on this cold bed. —
By day's approach look to be visited.

[Lies down and sleeps.]

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the
east;

That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
From these that my poor company detest: —
And, sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company.

[Sleeps.]

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst, and sad: —
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me, till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

[Lies down.]

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:

I'll apply

To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy.

[Squeezing the juice on LYSANDER'S eye.]

When thou wak'st,

Thou tak'st

True delight
 In the sight
 Of thy former lady's eye:
 And the country proverb known,
 That every man should take his own,
 In your waking shall be shown:
 Jack shall have Jill;
 Nought shall go ill;
 The man shall have his mare again, and all shall
 be well.
 [Exit PUCK. — DEM. HEL. etc. sleep.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same.

*Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM, Fairies attending;
 OBERON behind, unseen.*

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery
 bed,

While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
 And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
 And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peas-blossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom. — Where's
 Monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good Monsieur, get
 your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-
 hip'd

sp'd humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good Monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not ret yourself too much in the action, Monsieur; and, good Monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you over-crown with a honey-bag, Signior. — Where's Monsieur Mustard-seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif, Monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good Monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good Monsieur, but to help calalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, Monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if any hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some musick: my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in musick: let us have the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat,

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek the squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,

Gently entwist, — the female ivy so
 Enrings the barked fingers of the elm.
 O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!
[they sleep]

OBERON *advances.* **Enter PUCK.**

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this
 sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
 For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
 Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
 I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
 For she his hairy temples then had rounded
 With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
 And that same dew, which sometime on the bud
 Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearl
 Stood now within the pretty flouret's eyes,
 Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
 When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
 And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
 I then did ask of her her changeling child;
 Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
 To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
 And now I have the boy, I will undo
 This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
 And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
 From off the head of this Athenian swain;
 That he awaking when the other do,
 May all to Athens back again repair;
 And think no more of this night's accidents,
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
 But first I will release the fairy Queen.

Be, as thou wast wont to be;

[Touching her eyes with an herb]

See, as thou wast wont to see:

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet Queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
I thought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

Oba. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?

, how mine eyes do loath this visage now!

Oba. Silence, a while. — Robin, take off this
head. —

Titania, musick call; and strike more dead

than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

Tita. Musick, ho! musick; such as charmeth
sleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own
fool's eyes peep.

Oba. Sound, musick. [*Still musick.*] Come, my
Queen, take hands with me,

and rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity;

and will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,

dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,

and bless it to all fair posterity:

here shall the pairs of faithful lovers be

bedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy King, attend, and mark;

I do hear the morning lark.

Oba. Then, my Queen, in silence sad,

Trip we after the night's shade:

We the globe can compass soon,

Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Tita. Come, my Lord; and in our flight,

Tell me how it came this night,

That I sleeping here was found,

With these mortals, on the ground. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Horns sound within.*]

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGZUS, and train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester; —
For now our observation is perform'd:
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the musick of my hounds. —
Uncouple in the western valley; go: —
Despatch, I say, and find the forester. —
We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top;
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan
kind,
So flow'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian
bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear. — But, soft; what nymphs
are these?

Ego. My Lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander! this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,

Came here in grace of our solemnity. —
 But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day
 That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my Lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with
 their horns.

Horns, and shout within. DEMETRIUS, LYSAN-
 DER, HERMIA, and HELENA, wake and start up.

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine
 is past;

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my Lord.

[*He and the rest kneel to THESEUS,*

The. I pray you all, stand up.

I know, you two are rival enemies;
 How comes this gentle concord in the world,
 That hatred is so far from jealousy,
 To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,
 Half 'sleep, half waking: But as yet, I swear,
 I cannot truly say how I came here:
 But, as I think, (for truly would I speak, —
 And now I do bethink me, so it is;) —
 I came with Hermia hither: our intent
 Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be
 Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord; you have
 enough:

I beg the law, the law, upon his head. —
 They would have stol'n away, they would, De-
 metrius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me:
 You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;
 Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My Lord, fair Helen told me of their aim
 Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
 And I in fury hither follow'd them;
 Fair Helena in fancy following me.
 But, my good Lord, I wot not by what pow
 (But by some power it is,) my love to Hermi
 Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
 As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
 Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
 And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
 The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
 Is only Helena. To her, my Lord,
 Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
 But, like in sickness, did I loath this food:
 But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
 Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
 And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met
 Of this discourse we more will hear anon. —
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
 For in the temple, by and by with us,
 These couples shall eternally be knit.
 And, for the morning now is something wet
 Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside. —
 Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three
 We'll hold a feast in great solemnity. —
 Come; Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGAEUS and*

Dem. These things seem small, and un-
 gui-hable,
 Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I see these things with parts
 When every thing seems double.

Hol. So methinks:

And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
 Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream. — Do not you
think,

The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: let's follow
him;

And, by the way, let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*]

As they go out, BOTTOM awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will
answer: — my next is, *Most fair Pyramus*. —
Hey, ho! — Peter Quiuce! Flute, the bellows-
mender! Snout the tinker! Starveling! God's my
life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had
a most rare vision. I have had a dream, — past
the wit of man to say what dream it was: Man
is but an ass, if he go about to expound this
dream. Methought I was there is no man can
tell what. Methought I was, and methought I
had, — But man is but a patch'd fool, if he
will offer to say what methought I had. The
eye of ~~man~~ hath not heard, the ear of man hath
not seen, ~~man's~~ hand is not able to taste, his
tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what
my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write
a ballad of this dream: it shall be call'd Bottom's
Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will
sing it in the latter end of a play, before the
Duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious,
I shall sing it at her death.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Athens. *A Room in Quince's House.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd; It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No: he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of nought.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus ~~he~~ he lost six-pence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped six-pence a-day: an the Duke had not given him six-pence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd; he would have deserv'd it: six-pence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are their hearts?

Quin. Bottom! — O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian, I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined: Get your apparel together; good sirings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is prefer'd. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions; nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The same. An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More 'strange than true. I never
believe

These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers, and madmen, have such seething
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold
That is, the madman: the lover, all as fraile
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth
heaven;

And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings
A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination;
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told
And all their minds transfigur'd so together
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA,
HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy
mirth. —
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your
bed!

The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall
we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.

Philost. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment have you for this
evening?

What mask? what musick? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philost. There is a brief, how many sports are
ripe;

Make choice of which your highness will see
first. [*Giving a paper.*]

The. reads.] *The battle with the Centaurs, to
be sung*

By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.

We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,

Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.

That is an old device; and it was play'd

When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

The thrice three Muses mourning for the death

Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.

That is some satire, keen, and critical,

Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,

And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.

Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?

The. More 'strange than true. I never
believe

These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth
heaven;

And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination;
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA,
HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy
mirth. —

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of life
Accompany your hearts!

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears.
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the tattling tongue
Of sawcy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philost. So please your Grace, the prologue is addrest.

The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of Trumpets.*]

Enter Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.

That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good-will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then, we come but in despite.

We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is: All for your delight,

We are not here. That you should here
repent you,

The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philost. A play there is, my Lord, some ten
words long;

Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play,
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble Lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they, that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens
here,

Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble Lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd, and comm'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in; — and take your places, Ladies.

[*Exit PHILOSTRATE.*]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such
thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears.
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Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philost. So please your Grace, the prologue is address.

The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of Trumpets.*]

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But with good-will. To show our simple skill,

That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then, we come but in despite.

We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,

We are not here. That you should here
repent you,

The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon p

Lys. He hath rid his prologue, like a colt; he knows not the stop. A good mor Lord: It is not enough to speak, but to true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on this pro like a child on a recorder; a sound, but government.

The. His speech was like a tangled nothing impaired, but all disordered. W next?

Enter PYRAMUS, and THISBY, Wall, Moon and Lion, as in dumb show.

Prol. „Gentles, perchance, you wonder show;

„But wonder on, till truth make all plain.

„This man is Pyramus, if you would know

„This beautious lady Thisby is, certain

„This man, with lime and rough-cast present

„Wall, that vile wall which did the sunder:

„And through wall's chink, poor souls, content

„To whisper; at the which let wonder.

„This man, with lantern, dog, and thorn,

„Presenteth moon-shine: for, if know,

„By moon-shine did these lovers thinl

„To meet at Nidus' tomb, ther woo.

„This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,
 „The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
 „Did scare away, or rather did affright:
 „And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;
 „Which lion vile with bloody mouth did
 stain:

„Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,
 „And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
 „Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful
 blade,
 „He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody
 breast;

„And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,
 „His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
 „Let lion, moon-shine, wall, and lovers twain,
 „At large discourse, while here they do remain.“

[*Exeunt* *Prolog.* *THISBY*, *Lion*, and *Moonshine*.]

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my Lord: one lion may,
 when many asses do.

Wall. „In this same interlude, it doth befall,
 „That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:
 „And such a wall, as I would have you think,
 „That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
 „Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
 „Did whisper often very secretly.
 „This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth
 show

„That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
 „And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
 „Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.“

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak
 better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I
 heard discourse, my Lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. „O grim-look'd night! O night with hue
so black?

„O night, which ever art, when day is not!

„O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,

„I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot! —

„And thou, O wall; O sweet, O lovely wall,

„That stand'st between her father's ground
and mine;

„Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

„Show me thy chink, to blink through with
mine cyne.

[*Wall holds up his fingers.*

„Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well
for this!

„But what see I? No Thisby do I see.

„O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;

„Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving
me!“

This. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should
curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, Sir, he should not. *Deceiv-
ing me*, is Thisby's cue; she is to enter now,
and I am to spy her through the wall. You
shall see, it will fall pat as I told you: —
Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBY.

This. „O wall, full often hast thou heard my
moans,

„For parting my fair Pyramus and me:

„My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;

„Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in
thee.“

Pyr.

Pyr. „I see a voice: now will I to the
chink,

„To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
„Thisby!“

This. „My love! thou art my love, I think.“

Pyr. „Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's
grace;

„And like Limander am I trusty still.“

This. „And I like Helen, till the fates me
kill.“

Pyr. „Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.“

This. „As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.“

Pyr. „O, kiss me through the hole of this vile
wall.“

This. „I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at
all.“

Pyr. „Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me
straight-way?“

This. „Tide life, tide death, I come without
delay.“

Wall. „Thus have I, wall, my part dischar-
ged so;

„And, being done, thus wall away doth go.“

[*Exeunt* Wall, PYRAMUS, and THISBY.

The. Now is the mural down between the two
neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my Lord, when walls are so
wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows;
and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend
them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. „You, Ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear

„The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps
on floor,

„May now, perchance, both quake and tremble
here,

„When lion rough in wildest rage doth
roar.

„Then know, that I, one Stung the joiner, am

„A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:

„For if I should as lion come in strife

„Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.“

The. A very gentle beast; and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my Lord, that e'er I saw.

Eys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my Lord: for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. „This lantern doth the horned moon present : “

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. „This lantern doth the horned moon present :

„Myself the man i'th'moon do seem to be.“

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest : the man should be put into the lantern : How is it else the man i'the moon ?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle : for, yon see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am awcary of this moon : Would, he would change !

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane : but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon ; I, the man in the moon ; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush ; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern ; for they are in the moon. But, silence ; here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. „This is old Ninny's tomb : Where is my love ?

Lion. „Oh —.“

{*The Lion roars. THISBE runs off.*

Dem. Well roar'd, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon. — Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

The. Well mous'd, lion.

[*The Lion tears THISBE's mantle, and exit.*]

Dem. And so comes Pyramus.

Lys. And then the moon vanishes.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. „Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;

„I thank thee, moon, for shining new so bright:

„For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,

„I trust to taste of truest Thisbe's sight.

„But stay; — O spite!

„But mark; — Poor knight,

„What dreadful dole is here?

„Eyes, do you see?

„How can it be?

„O dainty duck! O dear!

„Thy mantle good,

„What, stain'd with blood?

„Approach, ye furies fell!

„O fates! come, come;

„Cut thread and thrum;

„Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Py. „O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions
frame?

„Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my
dear:

„Which is — no, no — which was the fairest
dame;

„That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd,
with cheer.

„Come, tears, confound;

„Out, sword, and wound

„The pap of Pyramus:

„Ay, that left pap,

„Where heart doth hop: —

„Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

„Now am I dead,

„Now am I fled;

„My soul is in the sky:

„Tongue, lose thy light!

„Moon, take thy flight!

„Now, die, die, die, die, die,

[*Dies. Exit Moonshine.*

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him: for he is
but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead;
he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet
recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance moonshine is gone, before
Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by star-light. — Here
she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one,
for such a Pyramus: I hope, she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which
Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already, with those
sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet.* —

This. „Asleep, my love?

„What, dead, my dove?

„O Pyramus, arise,

„Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

„Dead, dead? A tomb

„Must cover thy sweet eyes.

„These lilly brows,

„This cherry nose,

„These yellow cowslip cheeks,

„Are gone, are gone:

„Lovers, make moan!

„His eyes were green as locks,

„O sisters three,

„Come, come, to me,

„With hands as pale as milk;

„Lay them in gore,

„Since you have shore

„With shears his thread of silk.

„Tongue, not a word: —

„Come, trusty sword;

„Come, blade, my breast imbrue:

„And farewell, friends; —

„Thus Thisbe ends:

„Adieu, adieu, adieu.“

[*Dies.*

The. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the
dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that
parted their fathers. Will it please you to see

the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dane, between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hang'd himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharg'd. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[Here a dance of Clowns.]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve: —

Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear, we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait of night. — Sweet friends, to bed. —

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf belowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone:
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl; scritch'ing loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night,
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his sprite,
 In the church-way paths to glide:
 And we fairies, that do run
 By the triple Hecat's team,
 From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream,
 Now are frolick; not a mouse
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
 I am sent, with broom, before,
 To sweep the dust behind the door.

*Enter OBERRON and TITANIA, with th
 Train.*

Obe. Through this house give glim
 light,
 By the dead and drosy fire;
 Every elf, and fairy sprite,
 Hop as light as bird from brier;
 And this ditty, after me,
 Sing, and /dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse this song by rote:
 To each word a warbling note,
 Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
 Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG, AND DANCE.

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
 Through this house each fairy stray.

To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue, there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be. —
With this field-dew consecrate,
Ever fairy take his gait!
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace:
E'er shall it in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.

Trip away;
Make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.
[*Exit* OBERON, TITANIA, and *Train*.]

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this (and all is mended,) *That you have but slumber'd here,*
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends, ere long:

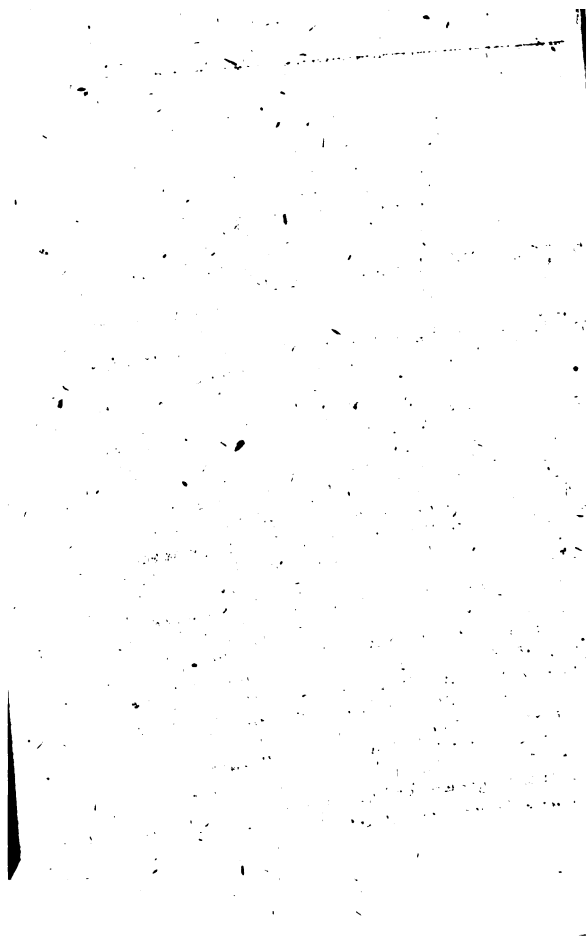
Else the Puck a liar call.

So, good night unto you all.

*Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [Exit.]*

A
SELECTION
OF THE
MOST IMPORTANT NOTES
EXTRACTED
FROM
THE BEST COMMENTATORS
TO THE PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME III.



NOTES

MUCH ADO ABOUT

**** MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING**
taken from Ariosto, *Orl. Fur.*

It is true, as Mr. Pope has said, that there is something what resembling the story of *Don Quixote* found in the fifth book of the *Faery Queen*, B. 5. In Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. 5. an original may be traced. The story of *Belleforest*, copied from a French source, seems to have furnished Shakspeare as it approaches nearer in all its particulars to the play before us, than any other to be extant. I have seen so many of this once popular collection, doubt but that a great majority of our countrymen comprehend, have made their English dress. Of that particular I have just mentioned. viz. the third volume, no translation met with.

This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, 23, 1600. STEEVENS.

poet to have been satisfied with the *Gensura* of Turberville. „The tale (says Harrington) is a pretty comical matter, and hath bin written in *English verse* some few years past, learnedly and with good grace, by M. George Turberville. *Ariosto*, fol. r59r, p. 59. FARMER.

I suppose this comedy to have been written in 1600, in which year it was printed. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

Page 2, line 11. *Sort* is rank, distinction. incline, however, to Mr. M. Mason's easier explanation. Of any *sort*, says he, means of any kind whatsoever. STEEVENS.

P. 3, first l. — *even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.*] This is judiciously expressed. Of all the transports of joy, that which is attended with tears is least offensive; because, carrying with it this mark of pain, it allays the envy that usually attends another's happiness. This he finely calls a *modest* joy, such a one as did not insult the observer by an indication of happiness unmixed with pain. WARBURTON.

A *budge* being the distinguishing mark worn in our author's time by the servants of noblemen etc. on the sleeve of their liveries, with his usual licence he employs the words to signify a *mark* or *token* in general. MALONE.

P. 3, l. 4. *In great measure.*] i. e. in abundance. STEEVENS.

P. 3, l. 6. There are no faces truer —] This is, none *honester*, none *more sincere*. JOHNSON.

P. 3, l. 9. — *is Signior Montanto returned* — *Montante*, in Spanish, is a huge two-handed sword, [a title] given, with much humour,

ie [whom] the speaker would represent as a daster or bravado. WARBURTON.

Montanto was one of the ancient terms of the fencing-school. STEEVENS.

P. 3, l. 12. — *there was none such in the army of any sort.*] Not meaning there was none such of *any order or degree whatever*, but that there was none such of *any quality above the common*. WARBURTON.

P. 3, l. 17. *He set up his bills* etc.] Beatrice means, that Benedick published a general challenge, like a prize-fighter. STEEVENS.

P. 3, l. 18. *Flight* (as Mr. Douce observes to me) does not here mean an *arrow*, but a sort of shooting called *roving*, or shooting at long lengths. The arrows used at this sport are called *flight* arrows, as were those used in battle for great distances. STEEVENS.

P. 3, l. 20. The *bird-bolt* is a short thick arrow without a point, and spreading at the extremity so much, as to leave a flat surface, about the breadth of a shilling. Such are to this day in use to kill rooks with, and are shot from a cross bow. STEEVENS.

The meaning of the whole is — Benedick, from a vain conceit of his influence over women, challenged Cupid at *roving* (a particular kind of archery, in which *flight*-arrows are used.) In other words, he challenged him to *shoot at hearts*. The fool, to ridicule this piece of vanity, in his turn challenged Benedick to shoot at crows with the cross-bow and bird-bolt; an inferior kind of archery used by fools, who, for obvious reasons, were not permitted to shoot with pointed arrows: Whence the proverb — A fool's bolt is soon shot." DOUCE.

P. 3, l. 25. — *he'll be meet with* ; This is a very common expression in the counties, and signifies *he'll be your match even with you*. STEEVENS.

P. 3, last l. *Stuffed*, in this first instance no ridiculous meaning, Un homme bien signifies, in French, *a man in good circum-*

S

P. 4, l. 1 — 3. Beatrice starts an idle words *stuffed man*; and prudently checks in the pursuit of it. *A stuffed man* of the many cant phrases for a *cuckold*

P. 4, l. 9. In our author's time *wit* general term for intellectual powers.

The *wits* seem to have been reckoned analogy to the five senses, or the five ideas. JOHNSON.

P. 4, l. 11. 12. *Such a one has wit & keep himself warm*, is a proverbial expression

To bear any thing for a *difference*, in heraldry. So, in *Hamlet*, Ophelia says, — you may wear your rue with a *diff-*

S

P. 4, l. 16. — *sworn brother*.] i. e. whom he hath *sworn* (as was ancient custom among adventurers) to share fortune

S

P. 4, l. 18. — *he wears his faith & fashion of his hat*, etc.] Not religious, but *profession of friendship*; for the speech it as the reason of ~~her~~ asking, *who was his companion?* that *he had every moment sworn brother*. WARBURTON.

P. 4, l. 20. A block is the mould *in which* is formed.

Writers sometimes use the word *block*, that itself. STEEVENS.

L. 21. — the gentleman is not in your
This is a phrase used, I believe, by more
understand it. *To be in one's books is to*
one's codicils or will, to be among friends
in for legacies. JOHNSON.

her think that the *books* alluded to, are
ndum-books, like the visiting books of the
age. STEEVENS.

phrase has not been exactly interpreted.
in a man's books, originally meant to be
list of his *retainers*. Sir John Mandeville
, „alle the mynstrelles that comen before
at Chan ben witholden with him, as of his
ld, and entred in his *bookes*, as for his
en.“ FARMER.

vant and a *lover* were in Cupid's Voca-
synonymous. Hence perhaps the phrase —
n a *person's books* — was applied equally
lover and the *menial attendant*.

MALONE.

L. 25. A *squarer* I take to be a cholerick;
ome fellow, for in this sense Shakspeare
word to *square*. So the sense may be,
e no hot-blooded *youth that will keep*
pany through all his mad pranks?

JOHNSON.

L. 12. You embrace your *charge* —] That
r *burden*, your *incumbrance*. JOHNSON.

ge does not mean, as Dr. Johnson explains
den, *incumbrance*, but „the person com-
to your care.“ So it is used in the rela-
between guardian and ward. DOUCE.

L. 82. The poet has judiciously marked
ownness of Don John's character, by
H.

not why, was

P. 7, L. 24. 25. — to
hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare
know not whether I conceive the jest here in-
ed; Claudio hints his love of Hero. Bene-
asks, whether he is serious, or whether he
means to jest, and to tell them that *Cupid*
good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carp
A man praising a pretty lady in jest, may
the quick sight of Cupid, but what has it
with the carpentry of Vulcan? Perha
thought lies no deeper than this, Do you
to tell us as new what we all know al-

I believe no more is meant by those
expressions than this. — Do you mean
medick, to amuse us with improbable st

in the passage thus: Do you
that Cupid, who
acquires

1. 4. 5. *Hath not the world one man, will wear his cap with suspicion:]* That object his head to the disquiet of jealousy.

JOHNSON.

Painter's Palace of Pleasure, p. 233, we have the following passage: „All they that *wear* be pardoned to *wear* their *cappes* upon heads.“ HENDERSON.

our author's time, none but the inferior wore caps, and such persons were termed *tempt flat-caps*. All gentlemen wore *hats*. It is therefore the meaning is, — Is there not a man in the world prudent enough to keep that state where he must live in apprehension that his *night-cap* will be worn occasionally another. MALONE.

his remark on the disuse of *caps* among persons of higher rank be accurate, Sir Christopher Wren, and other worthies of the Court of Elizabeth, have been injuriously treated; for the painters of their time exhibit several of them with caps on their heads. — It should be remembered that there was a material distinction between the *statute-caps* of citizens, and the *ornament-caps* worn by gentlemen. STEEVENS.

3. 1. 9. — *sigh away Sundays.*] A proverbial expression to signify that a man has no rest; when Sunday, a day formerly of ease and idleness, was passed so uncomfortably.

WARBURTON.

I cannot find this *proverbial* expression in any book whatever. I am apt to believe that our learned commentator has mistaken the drift of it, and that it most probably alludes to the strictness in which the sabbath was observed by the Puritans, who usually spent that day in

sighs and gruntings, and other hypocritical marks of devotion. STEEVENS.

P. 8, l. 24 and fol. Claudio, evading at first a confession of his passion, says; if I had really confided such a secret to him, yet he would have blabbed it in this manner. In his next speech, he thinks proper to avow his love; and when Benedick says, *God forbid it should be so*, i. e. God forbid he should even wish to marry her: Claudio replies, God forbid I should not wish it.

STEEVENS.

P. 9, l. 11. *And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.*] Alluding to the definition of a heretick in the schools.

WARBURTON.

P. 9, l. 16. A *recheate* is the sound by which dogs are called back. Shakspeare had no mercy upon the poor cuckold, his *horn* is an inexhaustible subject of merriment. JOHNSON.

A *recheate* is a particular lesson upon the horn, to call dogs back from the scent: from the old French word *recet*, which was used in the same sense as *retraite*. HANMER.

P. 9, l. 16. *Bugle*, i. e. bugle-horn, hunting-horn. The meaning seems to be—or that I should be compelled to carry a horn on my forehead where there is nothing visible to support it.

It is still said of the mercenary cuckold, that he *carries his horns in his pockets*. STEEVENS.

P. 9, l. 31. — *a notable argument.* —] An eminent subject for satire. JOHNSON.

P. 9, l. 32. — *hang me in a bottle like a cat,* —] In some counties in England, a cat was formerly closed up with a quantity of soot in wooden bottle, (such as that in which shepherds carry their liquor,) and was suspended on a liu

le who beat out the bottom as he ran under it, and was nimble enough to escape its contents, was regarded as the hero of this inhuman diversion. STEEVENS.

This practice is still kept up at Kelso, in Scotland, where it is called — *Cat-in-barrel*. See a description of the whole ceremony in a little account of the town of Kelso, published in 1789, by one Ebenezer Lazarus, a silly Methodist, who has interlarded his book with scraps of pious and other poetry. DOUCE.

P. 9, l. 34. Adam Bel, Clym of the Cloughe, and Wylliam of Cloudesle, were, says Dr. Percy, three noted outlaws, whose skill in Archery, rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of residence was in the forest of Englewood, not far from Carlisle. At what time they lived does not appear. The author of the common ballads on *The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of Robin Hood*, makes them contemporary with Robin Hood's father, in order to give him the honour of beating them. See *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 143, where the ballad outlaw is preserved. STEEVENS.

P. 10, l. 11. All modern writers agree in representing Venice in the same light as the ancients did Cyprus. And it is this character of the people that is here alluded to. WARBURTON.

P. 10, l. 27. *Guards* were ornamental lace on borders. STEEVENS.

P. 10, l. 28. — ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience;] *Before you endeavour to distinguish yourself any more by antiquated allusions, examine whether you can*

fairly claim them for your own. This, I think, is the meaning; or it may be understood in another sense, *examine, if your sarcasms touch your self.* JOHNSON.

P. 11, l. 26. *The fairest grant is the necessity:*] i. e. no one can have a better reason for granting a request than the necessity of its being granted. WARBURTON.

Mr. Hayley with great acuteness proposes to read,

The fairest grant is to necessity. STEEVENS.

These words cannot imply the sense that Warburton contends for; but if we suppose that *grant* means *concession*, the sense is obvious; and that is no uncommon acceptation of that word.

M. MASON.

P. 12, l. 14. *Thick-pleached* is thickly interwoven.

P. 12, l. 31. *Cousins* were anciently enrolled among the dependants, if not the domesticks, of great families, such as that of Leonato. Petruchio, while intent on the subjection of Katharine, calls out, in terms imperative, for his *cousin Ferdinand*. STEEVENS.

P. 13, l. 6. *What the gougere,*] i. e. *morbus Gallicus*. The old copy corruptly reads, „good year.“ The same expression occurs again in *K. Lear*. Act V. sc. iii. STEEVENS.

P. 13, l. 18. *I cannot hide what I am;* etc.] This is one of our author's natural touches. An envious and unsocial mind, too proud to give pleasure, and too sullen to receive it, always endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itself, under the plainness of simple honesty, or the dignity of haughty independence.

JOHNSON.

P. 15, l. 22. To *claw* is to flatter. See the *pope's claw-backs*, in Bishop Jewel, are the pope's flatterers. The sense is the same in the proverb, *Mulus mulum scabit*. JOHNSON.

P. 13, l. 32. *I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace;*] A canker is the canker-rose, dog-rose, *cynosbatus*, or hip. The sense is, I would rather live in obscurity the wild life of nature, than owe dignity or estimation to my brother. He still continues his wish of gloomy independence. But what is the meaning of the expression, *a rose in his grace*? If he was a rose of himself, his brother's grace or favour could not degrade him. I once read thus: *I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his garden*: that is, I had rather be what nature makes me, however mean, than owe any exaltation or improvement to my brother's kindness or cultivation. But a less change will be sufficient: I think it should be read, *I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose by his grace*. JOHNSON.

The *canker* is a term often substituted for the *canker-rose*. Heywood, in his *Loves Mistress*, 1636, calls it the „*canker-flower*.“

Again, in Shakspeare's 54th Sonnet:

„The *canker* blooms have full as deep a die

„As the perfumed tincture of the rose.“

I think no change is necessary. The sense is, — I had rather be a neglected dog-rose in a hedge, than a garden-flower of the same species, if it profited by his culture. STEEVENS.

P. 14, l. 12. I make all use of it, *for I use it only.*] i. e. for I make nothing else my counsellor.

STEEVENS.

P. 14, l. 33. *Sad* in this, as in future instances, signifies *serious*. STEEVENS.

P. 15, l. 7. — *both sure,*] i. e. to be depended on. STEEVENS.

P. 15, l. 22. The pain commonly called the *heart-burn*, proceeds from an *acid* humour in the stomach, and is therefore properly enough imputed to *tart* looks. JOHNSON.

P. 16, l. 22. *I had rather lie in the woollen.*] I suppose she means — between blankets, without sheets. STEEVENS.

P. 16, l. 33. and fol. Of the two next speeches Dr. Warburton says, *All this impious nonsense thrown to the bottom, is the players', and foisted in without rhyme or reason*. He therefore puts them in the margin. They do not deserve indeed so honourable a place; yet I am afraid they are too much in the manner of our author, who is sometimes trying to purchase merriment at too dear a rate. JOHNSON.

I have restored the lines omitted. STEEVENS.

P. 17, l. 26. *Important* here, and in many other places, is *importunate*. JOHNSON.

P. 17, l. 26. A *measure* in old language, beside its ordinary meaning, signified also a *dance*.

MALONE.

P. 18, l. 9. *Friend*, in our author's time, was the common term for a *lover*. So also in French and Italian. MALONE.

Mr. Malone might have added, that this term was equally applicable to both sexes; for, in *Measure for Measure*, Lucio tells Isabella that her brother had „got his *friend* with child.

STEEVENS.

P. 18, l. 17. — *the lute should be like the case!*] i. e. that your face should be as homely and coarse as your mask.

'Tis plain, the poet alludes to the story of Baucis and Philemon from Ovid: and this old couple, as the Roman poet describes it, lived in a thatch'd cottage:

„ — *stipulis et canna tecta palustri.*“

THEOBALD.

P. 19, l. 8. Here's his *dry hand* up and down;] A *dry hand* was anciently regarded as the sign of a cold constitution. STEEVENS.

P. 19, l. 20. — and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales*;] The book, to which Shakspeare alludes, might be an old translation of *Les cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. The original was published at Paris, in the black letter, before the year 1500, and is said to have been written by some of the royal family of France! Ames mentions a translation of it prior to the time of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

This book was certainly printed before the year 1575, and in much repute, as appears from the mention of it in Laneham's Letter concerning the entertainment at Kenelworth-Castle. REED.

The Hundred merry Tales can never have been a translation of *Les cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, many of which are very tragical relations, and none of them calculated to furnish a lady with *good wit*. It should seem rather to have been a sort of jest-book. RITSON.

P. 19, l. 28. — only his gift is in devising *impossible* slanders:] We should read *impassible*, i. e. slanders so ill-invented, that they will pass upon no body. WARBURTON.

Impossible slanders are, I suppose as, from their absurdity and impossibility, their own confutation with them.

Johnson's explanation appears to say, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* shall search for Falstaff in „*impossible*“ The word *impossible* is also used in this sense in Jonson's *Sejanus*. M. M. P. 19, l. 50. — but in his *villain* she means his malice and impiety. I jests, she insinuates, he *pleased* by his *devising slanders* of them. WARBURTON.

P. 20, l. 17. I know him by his carriage, his demeanour. STEEV

P. 21, first l. *Therefore, all use their o Let, which is found in the next stood here.* MALONE.

P. 21, l. 16. *Chains of gold, of value, were in our author's time, by wealthy citizens, and others, in use as they now are, on publick the Aldermen of London. See The Widow of Watling street, A Albumazar, Act I. sc. vii. and c*

Usury seems about this time to be a common topick of invective. In four dialogues, pasquils, and disquisitions on the subject, printed before the year 1600 one of these it appears, that the chief usurers of the age. STEEV

P. 21, last l. — it is the base position of Beatrice, that puts her person, and so gives me an

is the disposition of Beatrice, who takes upon her to personate the world, and therefore represents the world as saying what she only says herself.

The old copies read — *base*, though *bitter*: but I do not understand how *base* and *bitter* are inconsistent, or why what is *bitter* should not be *base*. I believe, we may safely read, — *It is the base, the bitter disposition.* JOHNSON.

I have adopted Dr. Johnson's emendation, though I once thought it unnecessary.

STEEVEN.

P. 22, l. 8. A parallel thought occurs in the first chapter of *Isaiah*, where the prophet, describing the desolation of Judah, says: „The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers,” etc. I am informed, that near Aleppo, these lonely buildings are still made use of, it being necessary, that the fields, where water-melons, cucumber, etc. are raised, should be regularly watched. I learn from *The. Newton's Herball to the Bible*, 3vo. 1587, that „so soone as the cucumbers, etc. be gathered, these lodges are abandoned of the watchmen and keepers, and no more frequented.” From these forsaken buildings, it should seem, the prophet takes his comparison. STEEVENS.

P. 22, l. 10. Benedick speaks of Hero as if she were on the stage. Perhaps, both she and Leonato, were meant to make their entrance with Don Pedro. When Beatrice enters, she is spoken of as coming in with only Claudio. STEEVENS.

I have regulated the entries accordingly.

MALONE.

P. 23, l. 5. — huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, etc.] Dr.

Warburton reads *impassable*: Sir Tho. Hanmer *impetuous*, and Dr. Johnson *importable*, which, says he, is used by Spenser, in a sense very congruous to this passage, for *insupportable*, or *not to be sustained*. Also by the last translators of the Apocrypha; and therefore such a word as Shakspeare may be supposed to have written.

REED.

Importable is very often used by Lidgate in his Prologue to the translation of *The Tragedies gathered by Ihon Bochas*, etc. as well as by Holinshed.

Impossible may be licentiously used for *unaccountable*. Beatrice has already said, that Benedick invents *impossible* slanders. STEEVENS.

Impossible may have been what Shakspeare wrote, and be used in the sense of *incredible* or *inconceivable*, both here and in the beginning of the scene, where Beatrice speaks of *impossible* slanders. M. MASON.

I believe the meaning is — *with a rapidity equal to that of jugglers, who appear to perform impossibilities*.

Conveyance was the common term in our author's time for *sleight of hand*. MALONE.

P. 23, l. 6. — *She speaks poniards,*] So, in *Hamlet*,

„I'll speak daggers to her.“ —

STEEVENS.

P. 23, l. 15. — *you shall find her the infernal Atë in good apparel*] This is a pleasant allusion to the custom of ancient poets and painters, who represent the *Furies* in rags. WARBURTON.

Atë is not one of the *Furies*, but the *Goddess of Revenge*, or *Discord*. STEEVENS.

P. 23, l. 16. As Shakspeare always attributes to

his *exorcists* the power of raising spirits, he gives his *conjuror*, in this place, the power of laying them. M. MASON.

P. 23, l. 24—51. *I will go etc. etc. etc.*] i. e. I will undertake the hardest task, rather than have any conversation with lady Beatrice. Alluding to the difficulty of access to either of those monarchs, but more particularly to the former.

P. 24, l. 6. *Use*, in our author's time, meant *interest of money*. MALONE.

P. 25, l. 8. — *poor fool*, —] This was formerly an expression of tenderness. See *King Lear*, last scene: „And my *poor fool* is hang'd.“

MALONE.

P. 25, l. 12. *Good Lord, for alliance!*] Claudio has just called Beatrice *cousin*. I suppose, therefore, the meaning is, — Good Lord, here have I got a new kinsman by marriage.

MALONE.

I cannot understand these words, unless they imply a wish for the speaker's *alliance* with a husband. STEEVENS.

P. 26, l. 13. *Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd:*] What is it, to go to the world? perhaps, to enter by marriage into a settled state; but why is the unmarried lady *sun-burnt*? I believe we should read, — *Thus goes every one to the wood but I, and I am sun-burnt*. Thus does every one but I find a shelter, and I am left exposed to wind and sun. *The nearest way to the wood*, is a phrase for the readiest means to any end. It is said of a woman, who accepts a worse match than those which she had refused, that she has passed through the wood, and at last taken a crooked stick. But conjectural criticism has always something to abate

its confidence. Shakspeare, in *All's well that Ends well*, useth the phrase, *to go to the world for marriage*. So that my emendation depend only on the opposition of *wood* to *sun-burnt*.

JOHNSON

I am, *sun-burnt* may mean, I have lost my beauty, and am consequently no longer such an object as can tempt a man to marry.

STEEVENSON

P. 26, l. 3. *There's little of the melanchol element in her,*] „Does not our life consist of the four elements?“ says Sir Toby, in *Twelfth Night*. So, also in *King Henry V*: He is pure air and fire, and the *dull elements* of earth and water never appear in him.“ MALONE.

P. 26, l. 29. *A mountain of affection with on another* is a strange expression, yet I know not well how to change it. Perhaps it was originally written *to bring Benedick and Beatrice into a meeting of affection*; to bring them not to any more *meetings* of contention, but to *meeting* or conversation of love. This reading is confirmed by the preposition *with*; *a mountain with each other*, or *affection with each other* cannot be used, but *a meeting with each other* is proper and regular. JOHNSON.

Uncommon as the word proposed by Dr. Johnson may appear, it is used in several of the old plays.

STEEVENSON

Shakspeare has many phrases equally harsh: he who would hazard such expressions as *a storm of fortune*, *a vale of years*, and *a tempest of vocation*, would not scruple to write *a mountain of affection*. MALONE.

P. 27, l. 5. — *a noble strain,*] *lineage*. REED.

7, l. 10. — *queasy stomach,*] i. e. squeamish.

STEEVENS.

. 28, l. 21. — *intend a kind of zeal —*] i. e. *attend.* STEEVENS.

P. 29, l. 14. Gardens were anciently called *orchards.* STEEVENS.

P. 29, l. 28. 29. — *and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet.*] This folly, so conspicuous in the gallants of former ages, is laughed at by all our comic writers. STEEVENS.

P. 50, l. 14. — *and her hair shall be of what colour it please God.*] Perhaps *Benedick* alludes to a fashion, very common in the time of *Shakspeare*, that of *dying the hair.*

Stubbes, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1595, speaking of the attires of women's heads, says: „If any have haire of her owne naturall growing, which is not faire ynough, then will they die it in divers colours.“ STEEVENS.

The practice of dying the hair was one of those fashions so frequent before and in *Queen Elizabeth's* time, as to be thought worthy of particular animadversion from the pulpit. REED.

Or he may allude to the fashion of wearing *false hair*; „whatever colour it pleased God.“

MALONE.

P. 50, l. 26. *We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.*] i. e. we will be even with the fox now discovered. GRER.

It is not impossible but that *Shakspeare* chose on this occasion to employ an antiquated word; and yet if any future editor should choose to read — *hid fox*, he may observe that *Hamlet* has said. — „*Hide fox* and all after.“

STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton reads as Mr. Steevens proposes.
MALONE.

A *kid-fox* seems to be no more than a *young fox* or *cub*. In *As you Like it*, we have the expression of — „two dog-apes.“ RISTON.

P. 30, l. 27. — *with musick*.] I am not sure that this stage-direction (taken from the quarto, 1600) is proper. Balthazar might have been designed at once for a vocal and an instrumental performer. Shakspeare's orchestra was hardly numerous; and the first folio, instead of Balthazar, only gives us *Jacke Wilson*, the name of the actor who represented him. STEEVENS.

P. 30, l. 28. *Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.*] *Balthazar*, the musician and servant to Don Pedro, was perhaps thus named from the celebrated Baltazarini, called *De Beaujoyeux*, an Italian performer on the violin, who was in the highest fame and favour at the court of Henry II. of France, 1577. BURNLEY.

P. 31, l. 13. — *and noting!*] The old copies — *nothing*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

P. 32, l. 8. — *the night-raven*, i. e. the owl; *νυκτερίδα*. STEEVENS.

P. 32, l. 19. *Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits.*] This is an allusion to the *stalking-horse*; a horse either real or fictitious, by which the fowler anciently sheltered himself from the sight of the game. STEEVENS.

P. 32, l. 28 — 31. — *I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection, — it is past the infinite of thought.*] It is impossible to make sense and grammar of this speech. And the reason is, that the two beginnings of two different sentences are jumbled together

together and made one. For — *but that she loves him with an enraged affection*, is only part of a sentence, which should conclude thus, — *is most certain*. But a new idea striking the speaker, he leaves his sentence unfinished, and turns to another, — *It is past the infinite of thought*, — which is likewise left unfinished; for it should conclude thus — *to say how great that affection is*. Those broken disjointed sentences are usual in conversation. However there is one word wrong, which yet perplexes the sense; and that is *infinite*. Human thought cannot surely be called *infinite* with any kind of figurative propriety. I suppose the true reading was *definite*. This makes the passage intelligible. *It is past the definite of thought*, — i. e. it cannot be defined or conceived how great that affection is. Shakspeare uses the word again in the same sense in *Cymbeline*:

„For ideots, in this case of favour, would
„Be wisely *definite*. —“

i. e. could tell how to pronounce or determine in the case. WARBURTON.

Here are difficulties raised only to show how easily they can be removed. The plain sense is, *I know not what to think otherwise, but that she loves him with an enraged affection: It (this affection) is past the infinite of thought*. Here are no abrupt stops, or imperfect sentences. *Infinite* may well enough stand; it is used by more careful writers for *indefinite*: and the speaker only means, that *thought*, though in itself unbounded, cannot reach or estimate the degree of her passion. JOHNSON.

The meaning I think, is, — *but with what an*
VOL. III.

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 on. JOHNSON.

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 III.

enraged affection she loves him, it is beyond the power of thought to conceive. MALONE.

P. 33, l. 27—29. — for she'll be up twenty times a night; etc. etc.] Shakspeare has more than once availed himself of such incidents as occurred to him from history, etc. to compliment the Princes before whom his pieces were performed. A striking instance of flattery to James occurs in *Macbeth*; perhaps the passage here quoted was not less grateful to Elizabeth; as it apparently alludes to an extraordinary trait in one of the letters pretended to have been written by the hated Mary to Bothwell:

„I am *nakit*, and ganging to sleep, and zit I cease not to scribble all this paper, in so meikle as rest is thair of.“ *That is*, I am naked, and going to sleep, and yet I cease not to scribble to the end of my paper, much as there remains of it unwritten on. HENLEY.

Mr. Henley's observation must fall to the ground; the word in every edition of Mary's letter which Shakspeare could possibly have seen, being *irkit*, not *nakit*. „I am *irkit*“ means, I am *uneasy*.

STEEVENS.

P. 34, l. 2. A *farthing*, and perhaps a *half-penny*, was used to signify any small particle or division. STEEVENS.

P. 34, l. 12. — and the ecstasy —] i. e. alienation of mind. STEEVENS.

P. 34, l. 25. — wisdom and *blood* combating in so tender a body,] I suppose *blood*, in this instance, to mean *nature*, or disposition.

STEEVENS.

Blood is here as in many other places used by our author in the sense of *passion*, or rather *temperament of body*. MALONE.

P. 34, l. 31. To *daff* is the same as, to *doff* or *do off*, to put aside. STEEVENS.

P. 35, l. 7. — *a contemptible spirit*. —] That is, a temper inclined to scorn and contempt. It has been before remarked, that our author uses his verbal adjectives with great licence. There is therefore no need of changing the word with Sir Thomas Hamner to *contemptuous*. JOHNSON.

P. 35, l. 8. *He is a very proper man*.] i. e. a very handsome one. STEEVENS.

P. 36, l. 13. The conference *was sadly borne*. i. e. was seriously carried on. STEEVENS.

P. 38, l. 6. *Proposing* is conversing, from the French word — *propos*, discourse, talk.

STEEVENS.

P. 38, l. 17. — *our propose*.] Thus the quarto. The folio reads — *our purpose*. *Propose* is right. See the preceding note. STEEVENS.

Purpose, however, may be equally right. It depends only on the manner of accenting the word, which in Shakspeare's time, was often used in the same sense as *propose*. REED.

P. 39, l. 17. 18. — *her spirits are as coy and wild*

As haggards of the rock.] Turberville, in his book of *Falconry*, 1575, tells us, that „the *haggard* doth come from foreign parts a stranger and a passenger;“ and Latham, who wrote after him, says, that, „she keeps in subjection the most part of all the fowl that fly, insomuch, that the tassel gentle, her natural and chiefest companion; dares not come near that coast where she useth, nor sit by the place where she standeth. Such is the greatness of her spirit, *she will not admit of any society*, until such time as nature worketh.“ etc.

STEEVENS.

P. 39, l. 28. *To wish him —*] i. e. *recommend not desire.* REED.

P. 39, l. 30—32. — *Doth not the gentleman Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,*] Mr. M. Mason very justly observes, that what Ursula means to say is, „that he is as deserving of complete happiness in the marriage state, as Beatrice herself.“ STEEVENS.

P. 40, l. 4. *Misprising —*] Despising, contemning. JOHNSON.

To misprise is to *undervalue*, or take in a wrong light. STEEVENS.

P. 50, l. 16. *But she would spell him backward:*] Alluding to the practice of witches in uttering prayers.

P. 40, l. 19. The *antick* was a buffoon character in the old English farces, with a *blackened face*, and a *patch-work habit*. What I would observe from hence is, that the name of *antick* or *antique*, given to this character, shows that the people had some traditional ideas of its being borrowed from the *ancient mimes*, who are thus described by Apuleius: „*mimi centunculo, fuligine faciem obdusti.*“ WARBURTON.

I believe what is here said of the old English farces, is said at random. Dr. Warburton was thinking, I imagine, of the modern Harlequin. I have met with no proof that the face of the antick or Vice of the old English comedy was blackened. By the word *black* in the text, is only meant, as I conceive, swarthy, or bark brown. MALONE.

A *black man* means a man with a dark or thick beard, not a swarthy or dark-brown complexion, as Mr. Malone conceives. DODGE.

used this stone to cut upon; but
exquisitely. I make no question but th
wrote:

— an aglet very vilely cut.

An *aglet* was a tag of those points, forme
much in fashion. These tags were either of
silver, or brass, according to the quality o
wearer; and were commonly in the shape of
images; or at least had a head cut at the e
mity. The French call them, *niguillettes*. M
ray, speaking of Henry III's sorrow for
death of the Princess of Conti, says, "*port
même sur les aiguillettes des petites têtes
mort.*" And as a tall man is before compared
a lance ill-headed; so, by the same figure,
little man is very aptly liken'd to an *aglet*;
cut. WARBURTON.

P. 40, l. 34. — press —
The allusion

P. 41, l. 18. — — *argument* —] It seems here to signify *discourse*, or, the reasoning. JOHNSON.

Argument, in the present instance, means *conversation*. STEEVENS.

P. 41, l. 27. *She's lim'd* —] She is and entangled as a sparrow with *birdlin*

P. 41, l. 35. *What fire is in mis*
Alluding to a proverbial saying of the people, that their ears burn, when overhearing of them. WARBURTON.

The opinion whence this proverbial derived, is of great antiquity, being thus by Pliny: „Moreover is not this an opinionally received, That when our *ears do tingle*, some there be that in our all take of us?“ *Philemon Holland's Tr* B. XXVIII. p. 297, and *Brown's Vulg*

P. 42, l. 4. *Taming my wild heart*
loving hand;] is taken from falconry. She had been with being as wild as *haggards of the* therefore says, that *wild as her heart is tame it to the hand*. JOHNSON.

P. 42, l. 24 — 26. — *he hath a sound as a bell and his tongue is the for what his heart thinks, his tongue*
A covert allusion to the old proverb:

„As the fool thinketh

„So the bell clinketh.“ STEEVENS

P. 43, l. 10. 11. *There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy to strange disguises;*] Here is a

nd fancy, which Shakspeare uses for *love* as well as for *humour, caprice, or affectation*.

JOHNSON.

P. 43, l. 15. *Slops* are large loose *breeches*, or *trowsers*, worn only by sailors at present.

STEEVENS.

Hence evidently the term *slop-seller*, for the venders of ready made cloaths. NICHOLS.

P. 43, l. 16. — *no doublet: —*] There can be no doubt but we should read, *all doublet*, which corresponds with the actual dress of the old Spaniards. As the passage now stands, it is a negative description, which is in truth no description at all. M. MASON.

P. 44, l. 4. *Love-songs* in our author's time were generally sung to the musick of the lute.

MALONE.

P. 44, l. 13. *She shall be buried with her face upwards.*] The meaning seems to be, that she who acted upon principles contrary to others, should be buried with the same contrariety.

JOHNSON.

P. 46, l. 17. Enter *Dogberry* and *Verges*,] The first of these worthies had his name from the *Dog-berry*, i. e. the female cornel, a shrub that grows in the hedges in every county of England. *Verges* is only the provincial pronunciation of *Verjuice*. STEEVENS.

P. 46, l. 24. To *charge* his fellows, seems to have been a regular part of the duty of the constable of the Watch. MALONE.

P. 47, l. 28. A *bill* is still carried by the watchmen at Litchfield. It was the old weapon of English infantry, which, says Temple, gave *the most ghastly and deplorable wounds*. It may be called *securis falcata*. JOHNSON.

About Shakspeare's time *halberds* were the weapons borne by the watchmen, as appears from Blount's *Voyage to the Levant*:— "certaine Janizaries, who with great staves guard each street, as our night watchmen with *halberds* in London." REED.

The following representation of a *watchman*, with his *bill* on his shoulder, is copied from the title-page to Decker's *O per se O*, etc. 1618:



P. 48, l. 18. and fol. It is not impossible but that part of this scene was intended as a burlesque on *The Statutes of the Streets*, imprinted by Wolfe, in 1595.

Ben Jonson, however, appears to have ridiculed this scene in the Induction to his *Bartholomew-Fair*:

„And then a substantial watch to have stole in upon 'em, and taken them away with *mistaking words*, as the fashion is in the stage practice.“

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens observes, and I believe justly, that Ben Jonson intended to ridicule this scene in his induction to *Bartholomew-Fair*; yet in his *Tale of a Tub*, he makes his wise men of Finsbury speak just in the same style, and blunder in the same manner, without any such intention.

M. MASON.

P. 49, l. 4. — *keep your fellow's counsels and your own,*] This is part of the oath of a grand jurymen; and is one of many proofs of Shakspeare's having been very conversant, at some period of his life, with legal proceedings and courts of justice. MALONE.

P. 49, l. 25. — *like a true drunkard,*] I suppose, it was on this account that Shakspeare called him *Borachio*, from *Boraccho*, Spanish, a drunkard; or *Borracha*, a leathern receptacle for wine.

STEEVENS.

P. 50, l. 2. — *unconfirm'd:*] i. e. unpractised in the ways of the world. WARBURTON.

P. 50, l. 20. — *reechy painting;*] Is painting discoloured by smoke. STEEVENS.

P. 50, l. 21. — *like god Bel's priests in a old church window.*] Alluding to some auk

representation of the story of *Bel and the Dragon*, as related in the Apocrypha. STEEVENS.

P. 50, l. 22. By the *shaven Hercules* is meant *Sampson*, the usual subject of old tapestry. In this ridicule on the fashion, the poet has not unartfully given a stroke at the barbarous workmanship of the common tapestry hangings, then so much in use. The same kind of railleury Cervantes has employed on the like occasion, when he brings his knight and squire to an inn, where they found the story of Dido and Aeneas represented in bad tapestry. On Sancho's seeing the tears fall from the eyes of the forsaken Queen as big as walnuts, he hopes that when their achievements became the general subject for these sorts of works, that fortune would send them a better artist. — What authorised the poet to give this name to Sampson was the folly of certain Christian mythologists, who pretend that the Grecian Hercules was the Jewish Sampson. The reticence of our author is to be commended: The sober audience of that time would have been offended with the mention of a venerable name on so light an occasion. Shakspeare is indeed sometimes licentious in these matters: But to do him justice, he generally seems to have a sense of religion, and to be under its influence. What Pedro says of Benedick, in this comedy, may be well enough applied to him: *The man doth fear God, however it seems not to be in him by some large jest he will make.* WARBURTON.

I believe that Shakspeare knew nothing of the Christian mythologists, and by the *shaven Hercules* meant only *Hercules* when shaved to make him look like a woman, while he remains in the service of Omphale, his Lydian mistress.

the *shaven Hercules* been meant to represent Sampson, he would probably have been equipped with a *jaw bone* instead of a *club*. STEEVENS.

P. 50, l. 22. *Smirch'd* is soiled, obscured.

STEEVENS.

P. 51, l. 29. 30. *We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.*] Here is a cluster of conceits, *Commodity* was formerly as now, the usual term for an article of merchandise. To *take up*, besides its common meaning, (*to apprehend*,) was the phrase for obtaining goods on credit. „If a man is thorough with them in honest *taking up*, (says Falstaff,) then they must stand upon security.“ *Bill* was the term both for a single bond, and a halberd. We have the same conceit in *King Henry VI.* P. 11: „My Lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and *take up commodities* upon our *bills*?“

MALONE.

P. 51, l. 31. *A commodity in question,*] i. e. a commodity subject to judicial trial or examination. Thus Hooker: „Whosoever be found guilty the communion book hath deserved least to be called *in question* for this fault.“ STEEVENS.

P. 52, l. 9. — *rabato* —] An ornament for the neck, a collar-band or kind of ruff. Fr. *Rabat*. Menage saith it comes from *rabatre*, to put back, because it was at first nothing but the collar of the shirt or shift turn'd back towards the shoulders. T. HAWKINS.

P. 52, l. 17. — *if the hair were a thought browner:*] i. e. the false hair attached to the cap; for we learn from Stubbes's *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1595, p. 40, that ladies were „not simple content with their own haire, but did buy up other haire either of horses, mares, or any other

strange beasts, dying it of what colour they list themselves." STEEVENS.

P. 52, l. 24. — *side-sleeves*,] *Side-sleeves*, I believe, mean *long* ones. So, in *Greene's Farewell to Follie*, 1617: „As great selfe-love lurketh in a *side-gowne*, as in a *short armour*."

Such long sleeves, within my memory, were worn by children, and were called *hanging-sleeves*; a term which is preserved in a line, I think, of Dryden:

„And miss in *hanging-sleeves* now shakes the dice."

Side or *syde* in the North of England, and in Scotland, is used for *long* when applied to a garment, and the word has the same signification in the Anglo-Saxon and Danish. STEEVENS.

Side-sleeves were certainly *long-sleeves*, as will appear from the following instance, in *Fletcher's Book of Husbandry*: „Theyr cotes be so *syde* that they be fayne to tucke them up whan they ride, as women do theyr kyrtels whan they go to the market," etc. REED.

P. 53, l. 15. — *Light o' love*;] This is the name of an old dance tune which has occurred already in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. I have lately recovered it from an ancient MS. and it is as follows:





P. 53, l. 19. 20. — then if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no *barns*.] A quibble between *barns*, repositories of corn, and *bairns*, the old word for children.

JOHNSON.

P. 53, l. 25. 26. „*Heigh ho for a husband*, or the willing maid's wants made known,“ is the title of an old ballad in the Pepysian Collection, in Magdalen College, Cambridge. MALONE.

P. 53, l. 27. *For the letter that begins them all, H.*] This is a poor jest, somewhat obscured, and not worth the trouble of elucidation.

Margaret asks Beatrice for what she cries, *hey ho*; Beatrice answers, for an H. that is for an *ache*, or *pain*. JOHNSON.

P. 53, l. 28. — *an you be not turn'd Turk,*] i. e. taken captive by love, and turned a renegade to his religion. WARBURTON.

This interpretation is somewhat far-fetched, yet, perhaps, it is right. JOHNSON.

Hamlet uses the same expression, and talks of his *fortune's turning Turk*. *To turn Turk*, was a common phrase for a change of condition or opinion. STEEVENS.

P. 53, l. 30. What means the fool, trow?] This *obsolete* exclamation of enquiry, is corrupted from

I trow, or *trow you*, and occurs again in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: „Who's there, *trow*?" To *trow*, is to *imagine*, to *conceive*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, the Nurse says: „'Twas no need, *I trow*, to bid me trudge." STEEVENS.

P. 54, l. 9. „*Carduus Benedictus*, or blessed thistle (says Cogan in his *Haven of Health*, 1595) so worthily named for the singular virtues that it hath." — „This herbe may worthily be called *Benedictus*, or *Omnimorbia*, that is, a salve for every sore, not knownen to physitians of old time, but lately revealed by the speciall providence of Almighty God." STEEVENS.

P. 54, l. 14. — *you have some moral in this Benedictus*.] That is, some secret meaning, like the *moral* of a fable. JOHNSON.

P. 54, l. 26. — *he eats his meat without grudging*.] I do not see how this is a proof of Benedick's change of mind. It would afford more proof of amorousness to say, *he eats not his meat without grudging*; but it is impossible to fix the meaning of proverbial expressions, perhaps, to *eat meat without grudging*, was the same as, to *do as others do*: and the meaning is, *he is content to live by eating like other mortals, and will be content, notwithstanding his boasts, like other mortals, to have a wife*. JOHNSON.

Johnson considers this passage too literally. The meaning of it is, that Benedick *is in love, and takes kindly to it*. M. MASON.

The meaning, I think is, „and yet now, in spite of his resolution to the contrary, he *feeds or love*, and likes his food." MALONE.

P. 54, l. 28. — *you look with your eye other women do*.] i. e. you direct your *ward* the same object; viz. a husband. STEE

5, l. 18. — but, in faith, honest, as *the*
between his brows.] This is a proverbial
ion. STEEVENS.

5, l. 20 — 22. — *I am as honest as any*
ving, that is an old man, and no honest
.] There is much humour, and extreme
ense under the covering of this blundering
ion. It is a sly insinuation, that length of
and the being much *hacknied in the ways*
1, as Shakspeare expresses it, take off the
of virtue, and bring much-defilement of the
rs. For, as a great wit [Swift] says, *Youth*
season of virtue: corruptions grow with
and I believe the oldest rogue in Eng-
s the greatest. WARBURTON.

h of this is true, but I believe Shakspeare
it intend to bestow all this reflection on
aker. JOHNSON.

5, l. 23. — *palabras,* —] So, in *The*
of a Shrew, the Tinker says, *pocas pal-*
, i. e. few words. A scrap of Spanish,
might once have been current among the
, and had appeared, as Mr. Henley observes,
a Spanish Tragedy: „*Pocas pallabras,*
is the lambe.“ STEEVENS.

5, l. 26. 27. *It pleases your Worship to*
, but we are the poor Duke's officers;]
stroke of pleasantry has already occurred in
re for Measure, Act II. sc. i. where
says: — „If it please your Honour, I am
or Duke's constable.“ STEEVENS.

5, l. 11. — *it is a world to see!]* i. e. it is
rful to see. STEEVENS.

5, l. 15. *An two men ride of a horse, one*
ide behind:] This is not out of place, or
meaning. Dogberry, in his vanity of

superior parties apologizing for his neighbours, one must
 expect, that of two men on an horse, one must
 ride behind. The first place of rank or under-
 standing can belong but to one, -and that happy
 one ought not to despise his inferior. JOHNSON.

P. 57, l. 9. — here's that shall drive some of
 them to a non com:] i. e. to a non compos men-
 tis; put them out of their wits: — or perhaps
 he confounds the term with non-plus. MALONE.

P. 58, first l. If either of you know any in-
 ward impediment, why you should not be con-
 joined, etc.] This is borrowed from our marriage
 Ceremony, which (with a few slight changes in
 phraseology) is the same as was used in the six
 of Shakspeare. DOUCE.

P. 58, l. 14. Why, then some be of laughter
 as, ha! ha! he!] This is a quotation from
 Accidence. JOHNSON.

P. 58, last but one l. Luxurious is, lascivi-
 ous of the sex. JOHNSON.

P. 59, l. 4. In your own proof may signi-
 fy your own trial of her. TYRWHITT.

P. 59, l. 13. I never tempted her with
 too large;] So b

large jests in this play, for licentious,
 strained within due bounds. JOHNSON.

P. 59, l. 20. As chaste as is the bu-
 be blown;] Before

has tasted its sweetness. JOHNSON.

P. 59, l. 25. — that he doth speak
 i. e. so remotely from the present busi-
 ness. P. 60, l. 7. — kindly power is, natu-

Kind is nature. JOHNSON.
 P. 60, l. 31. — like a liberal will
 here, as in many places of these

*ank beyond honesty, or decency. Free of con-
us. Dr. Warburton unnecessarily reads, illiberal.*

JOHNSON.

This sense of the word *liberal* is not peculiar to Shakspeare, John Taylor, in his *Suite concerning Players*, complains of the „many aspersions very *liberally*, unmannerly, and ingratefully bestowed upon him“ FARMER.

P. 61, l. 4. — *what a Hero hadst thou been,]* I am afraid here is intended a poor conceit upon the word *Hero*. JOHNSON.

P. 61, l. 11. Conjecture is here used for suspicion. MALONE.

P. 61, l. 13. — *gracious.]* i. e. lovely, attractive.

MALONE.

P. 62, first l. *The story that is printed in her blood?]* That is, *the story which her blushes discover to be true*. JOHNSON.

P. 62, l. 8. *Child I for that at frugal nature's frame?]* *Frame* is contrivance, order, disposition of things. STEVENS.

It seems to me, that by *frugal nature's frame*, Leonato alludes to the particular formation of himself, or of Hero's mother, rather than to the universal system of things. *Frame* means here *framing*, as it does where Benedick says of John, that

„His spirits toil in *frame* of villains.“

M. MASON.

The meaning, I think, is, — Grieved I at nature's being so *frugal* as to have *framed* for me only one child? MALONE.

P. 62, l. 16. But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,

And mine that I was proud on; —]

The sense requires that we should read, as in
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these three places. The reasoning of the speaker stands thus — *Had this been my adopted child, her shame would not have rebounded on me. But this child was mine, as mine I lov'd her, praised her, was proud of her: consequently, as I claimed the glory, I must needs be subject to the shame, etc.* WARBURTON.

Even of this small alteration there is no need. The speaker utters his emotion abruptly. But *mine, and mine that I lov'd, etc.* by an ellipsis frequent, perhaps too frequent, both in verse and prose. JOHNSON.

P. 63, l. 16. *The tenour of my book; —*] i. e. of what I have read. MALONE.

P. 63, l. 26. *Friar.* Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?] The friar had just before boasted his great skill in fishing out the truth. And, indeed, he appears by this question to be no fool. He was, by, all the while at the accusation, and heard no name mentioned. Why then should he ask her what man she was accused of? But in this lay the subtilty of his examination. For, had Hero been guilty, it is very probable that in that hurry and confusion of spirits, into which the terrible insult of her lover had thrown her, she would never have observed that the man's name was not mentioned; and so, on this question, have betrayed herself by naming the person she was conscious of an affair with. The Friar observed this, and so conclude that were she guilty, she would probably fall into the trap he laid for her. — I only take notice of this to show how admirably well *Shakespeare* knew how to sustain his characters

WAR

P. 64, l. 3. *Bent* is used by our author for the utmost degree of any passion, or mental quality. In this play before, Benedick says of Beatrice, *her affection has its full bent*. [The expression is derived from archery; the bow has its *bent*, when it is drawn as far as it can be.

JOHNSON.

P. 64, l. 26. — *ostentation*;] Show, appearance.

JOHNSON.

P. 65, l. 7. — *we rack the value*;] i. e. we exaggerate the value. The allusion is to *rack-rents*. STEEVENS.

P. 65, l. 11. — *died upon his words*,] i. e. died *by* them. STEEVENS.

P. 65, l. 20. (If ever love had interest in his *liver*,)] The *liver*, in conformity to ancient supposition, is frequently mentioned by Shakspeare as the seat of love. Thus Pistol represents Falstaff as loving M^r. Ford — „with *liver* burning hot.“ STEEVENS.

P. 65, l. 34. — *my inwardness* —] i. e. intimacy. STEEVENS.

P. 66, l. 3. 4. *Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.*]

This is one of our author's observations upon life. Men overpowered with distress, eagerly listen to the first offers of relief, close with every scheme, and believe every promise. He that has no longer any confidence in himself, is glad to repose his trust in any other that will undertake to guide him. JOHNSON.

P. 66, l. 12. and fol. The poet, in my opinion, has shown a great deal of distress in this scene. Beatrice here engages her lover to revenge the injury done her cousin Hero: and without this very natural incident, considering the character of

Beatrice, and that the story of her passion for Benedick was all a fable, she could never have been easily or naturally brought to confess she loved him, notwithstanding all the foregoing preparation. And yet, 'on this confession, in this very place, depended the whole success of the plot upon her and Benedick. For had she not owned her love here, they must have soon found out the trick, and then the design of bringing them together had been defeated; and she would never have owned a passion she had been only tricked into, had not her desire of revenging her cousin's wrong made her drop her capricious humour at once. WARBURTON.

P. 67, l. 16. *I am gone, though I am here; —*]
i. e. I am out of your mind already, though I remain here in person before you. STEEVENS.

I cannot approve of Steevens's explanation of these words, and believe Beatrice means to say, „I am gone,” that is, „I am lost to you, though I am here.” In this sense Benedick takes them, and desires to be friends with her. M. MASON.

Or, perhaps, my affection is withdrawn from you, though I am yet here. MALONE.

P. 67, l. 28. — *bear her in hand —*] i. e. delude her by fair promises. STEEVENS.

P. 68, l. 4. *County* was the ancient general term for a *nobleman*. See a note on the *County Paris* in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

P. 68, l. 5. — *a goodly count-confect;*] i. e. a specious nobleman made out of sugar.

STEEVENS

P. 68, l. 8. — *into courtesies,*] i. e. in monious obeisance, like the courtesies and women. STEEVENS.

P. 68, l. 9. 10. — *and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too:*] Mr. Heath would read *tongues*, but he mistakes the construction of the sentence, which is — not only men but trim ones, are turned into tongue, i. e. not only *common*, but *clever* men, etc.

STEEVENS.

P. 68, l. 28. The persons, throughout this scene, have been strangely confounded in the modern editions. The first error has been the introduction of a *Town-Clerk*, who is, indeed, mentioned in the stage-direction, prefixed to this scene in the old editions, (*Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne-Clerke, in Gownes,*) but nowhere else; nor is there a single speech ascribed to him in those editions. The part, which he might reasonably have been expected to take upon this occasion, it performed by *the Sexton*; who assists at, or rather directs, the examinations; sets them down in writing, and reports them to Leonato. It is probable, therefore, I think, that *the Sexton* has been styled *the Town-Clerk*, in the stage-direction above-mentioned, from his doing the duty of such an officer. But the editors, having brought *both Sexton and Town-Clerk* upon the stage, were unwilling, as it seems, that the latter should be a mute personage; and therefore they have put into his mouth *almost all the absurdities* which the poet certainly intended for his ignorant *constable*. To rectify this confusion, little more is necessary than to go back to the old editions, remembering that the names of *Kempe* and *Cowley*, two celebrated actors of the time, are put in this scene, for the names of *the persons* represented, viz. *Kempe* for *Dogberry*, and *Cowley* for *Verges*. TIRSWITT.

NOTES TO MUCH ADU

have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's regulation, which is undoubtedly just; but have left Mr. Theobald's notes as I found them. STEEVENS. P. 68, l. 30. — and Sexton, in gowns;] It appears from *The Black Book*, 4to. 1604, that this was the dress of a constable in our author's time: "— when they mist their constable, and sawe the black gowne of his office lye full in puddle. —"

The Sexton (as Mr. Tyrwhitt observed) styled in this stage-direction, in the old copy *the Town-Clerk*, "probably from his doing duty of such an officer." But this error has happened here; for throughout the scene it is described by his proper title. By mistake in the quarto, and the folio, which appear to have been printed from it, the name of (an actor in our author's theatre) throughout the scene is prefixed to those of Verges, except that of Cowley to those of Verges, except or three instances, where either *Constable* or *Andrew* are substituted for Kempe. Mr.

P. 69, l. 18—20. This short passage, truly humorous and in character, I have taken from the old quarto. Besides, it supplies for without it, the Town-Clerk asks of the prisoners, and goes on without any answer to it. THEOBALD.

The omission of this passage since of 1600, may be accounted for from Jác. I. c. 21. the sacred name being four times in one line. BLACKSTONE

P. 69, l. 31. 'Fore God, they *tale*:] This is an admirable stroke. *Dogberry* says of the prisoners & knaves; and from that denial

nich one in his wits could not but be supposed to make, he infers a communion of counsels, and records it in the examination as an evidence of their guilt. SIR J. HAWKINS.

If the learned annotator will amend his comment by omitting the word *guilt*, and inserting the word *innocence*, it will (except as to the supposed inference of a communication of counsels, which should likewise be omitted or corrected) be a just and pertinent remark. RITSON.

P. 70, last but one l. *Verg*. Let them be in band.] I had conjectured that these words should be given to *Verges*, and read thus — *Let them bind their hands*. I am still of opinion that the passage belongs to *Verges*; but, for the true reading of it, I should wish to adopt a much neater emendation, which has since been suggested to me in conversation by Mr. Steevens — *Let them be in band*. Shakspeare, as he observed to me, commonly uses *band* for *bond*. TYRWHITT.

It is plain that they were *bound* from a subsequent speech of Pedro: „Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus *bound* to your answer?“ STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald gives these words to Conrade, and says — *But why the Sexton should be so pert upon his brother officers, there seems no reason from any superior qualifications in him; or any suspicion he shows of knowing their ignorance*. This is strange. The Sexton throughout shows as good sense in their examination as any judge upon the bench could do. And as to his *suspicion of their ignorance*, he tells the Town-Clerk, *That he goes not the way to examine*. The meanness of his name hindered our editor from seeing the goodness of his sense. But

this Sexton was an inferior orders called *brother officer*, as the book from which was some old English Italian, where the *sexton*. Dogberry The Sexton says, is kept in safe custody one of the watchmen Conrade says, *Off*, to the constable, *Au* the editor adds, *I first umbrage for* What these words suspect the old qu have done. WARBUR

Theobald has fair quarto.

Dr. Warburton's a *sexton* or *sacrista* following passage in *fourth Book of the* sylian priestess:

„— in soil M

„*Sexten* of

P. 72, l. 7. *And*
Acad, — „And bid

P. 72, l. 13. *Cry*

The quarto 1600 and
„And sorrow,
Mr. Rowe and M
„And hallow

A. Theobald —

„And sorrow *wage*,” etc.

Mr. Tho. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton —

„And sorrow *waive*,” etc.

Mr. Tyrwhitt —

„And sorrow *gagge*,” etc.

Mr. Heath and Mr. T. Warton —

„And *sorrowing* cry hem,” etc.

I had inadvertently offered —

„And, *sorry* wag!” etc.

Mr. Ritson —

„And sorrow *waggery*,” etc.

Mr. Malone —

„*In* sorrow wag,” etc.

But I am persuaded that Dr. Johnson's explanation as well as arrangement of the original words, is apposite and just: „I cannot (says he) but think the true meaning nearer than it is imagined.

„If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,

„And, sorrow, wag! cry; hem, when he should groan, etc.

That is, „If he will smile, and cry *sorrow* *be gone!* and hem instead of groaning.” The order in which *and* and *cry* are placed, is harsh, and this harshness made the sense mistaken. Range the words in the common order, and my reading will be free from all difficulty:

If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,

Cry, sorrow, wag! and hem when he should groan — “

Thus far Dr. Johnson; and in my opinion he has left succeeding critics nothing to do respecting the passage before us. Let me, however, claim the honour of supporting his opinion.

To cry — *Care away!* was once an expression of triumph. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: — I may now say, *Care away!*“

Again, as Dr. Farmer observes to me, in George Withers's *Philarete*, 1622:

„Why should we grieve or pine at that?

„Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat.“

Sorrow go by! is also (as I am assured) a common exclamation of hilarity even at this time, in Scotland, *Sorrow wag!* might have been just much another. The verb, to *wag*, is several times used by our author in the sense of to *go*, or *ack off*.

The Prince, in the First Part of *King Henry V.* Act II. sc. iv. says — „They cry *hem!* and bid you play it off.“ And Mr. M. Mason observes that this expression also occurs in *As you like it*, where Rosalind says — „These burs are in my heart;“ and Celia replies — „*Hem* them away.“ The foregoing examples sufficiently prove the exclamation *hem*, to have been of a comic turn. STEEVENS.

R. 72, l. 15. 16. — *make misfortune drunk With candle-wasters;*] This may mean, either wash away his sorrow among those who sit up all night to drink, and in that sense may be styled *wasters of candles*; or overpower his misfortunes by swallowing flap-dragons in his glass, which are described by Falstaff as made of *candle's ends*. STEEVENS.

This is a very difficult passage, and hath not, I think, been satisfactorily cleared up. The explanation I shall offer, will give, I believe, a satisfaction; but I will, however, venture. *Candle-wasters* is a term of contempt for a drunkard; thus Jonson, in *Cynthia's Revels*, 1

sc. ii: „— spoiled by a whoreson book-worm, a candle-waster.“ The sense then, which I would assign to Shakspeare, is this: „If such a one will patch grief with proverbs, — *case or cover the wounds of his grief with proverbial sayings*; — make misfortune drunk with candle-wasters, — *stupify misfortune, or render himself insensible to the strokes of it, by the conversation or lucubrations of scholars; the production of the lamp, but not fitted to human nature.*“ Patch, in the sense of mending a defect or breach, occurs in *Hamlet*, Act V. sc. i:

„O, that that earth, which kept the world in
awe,

„Should *patch* a wall, to expel the winter's
flaw.“ WHALLEY.

P. 72, l. 50. My griefs cry louder than *advertisements*.] That is, than *admonition*, than *moral instruction*. JOHNSON.

P. 73, first l. However they have writ the *style of gods*,] This alludes to the extravagant titles the Stoics gave their wise men. *Sapiens ille cum Diis, ex pari, vivit.* Senec. Ep. 59. *Jupiter quo antecedit virum bonum? diutius bonus est. Sapiens nihilo se minoris aestimat.* — *Deus non vincit sapientem felicitate.* Ep. 73. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare might have used this expression, without any acquaintance with the hyperboles of stoicism. By the *style of gods*, he meant an exalted language; such as we may suppose would be written by beings superior to human calamities, and therefore regarding them with neglect and coldness. STEVENS.

their famous ap-
P. 74, l. 19. Despite
fence, or skill in the science of
fence. Douck.

P. 74, l. 22. *Daff* is a country word, Mr. Po
tells us, signifying, *daunt*. It may be so; but
that is not the exposition here: To *daff* and
are synonymous terms, that mean to put
which is, the very sense required here, and
Leonato would reply, upon Claudio's saying
would have nothing to do with him. THEO

Theobald has well interpreted the word.
Shakespeare uses it more than once.

It is, perhaps, of Scottish origin, as
in *Ane verie excellent and delectabill*
inititulit PHILORUS, etc. Edinburgh, 1603
„Their *daffing* does us so undo:
This brother Antony is
human nature.

P. 74, l. 30. *Foining* is a term in fencing, and means *thrusting*. DOUCE.

P. 75, l. 7. *Scrambling*, i. e. *scrambling*. The word is more than once used by Shakspeare. A *scambler* in its literal sense, is one who goes about among his friends to get a dinner, by the Irish called a *cosherer*. STEEVENS.

P. 75, l. 9. — *show outward hideousness,*] i. e. what in *King Henry V.* Act III. sc. vi. is called —

„— a *horrid suit* of the camp.“ STEEVENS.

P. 75, l. 16. Gentlemen both, we will not *wake* your patience.] This conveys a sentence that the speaker would by no means have implied, — That the patience of the two old men was not exercised, but asleep, which upbraids them for insensibility under their wrong. Shakspeare must have wrote:

— *we will not wrack* —

i. e. destroy your patience by tantalizing you.

WARBURTON.

This emendation is very specious, and perhaps is right; yet the present reading may admit a congruous meaning with less difficulty than many other of Shakspeare's expressions.

The old men have been both very angry and outrageous; the Prince tells them that he and Claudio *will not wake their patience*; will not any longer force them to *endure* the presence of those whom, though they look on them as enemies, they cannot resist. JOHNSON.

Wake, I believe, is the original word. The ferocity of wild beasts is overcome by not suffering them to sleep. *We will not wake your patience*, therefore means, we will forbear any further provocation. HENLEY.

P. 76, l. 17. — I will bid thee draw, as we do the *minstrels*;] An allusion perhaps to the itinerant *sword-dancers*. In what low estimation *minstrels* were held in the reign of Elizabeth, may be seen from Stat. Eliz. 39. C. iv. and the term was probably used to denote any sort of vagabonds who amused the people at particular seasons. DOUCE.

P. 76, l. 21. *What though care kill'd a cat,*] Proverbial expression. See *Ray's Proverbs*.

DOUCE.

P. 76, l. 28. — *this last was broke cross.*] An allusion to *tilting*. WARBURTON.

P. 76, l. 31. *If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.*] We have a proverbial speech, *If he be angry, let him turn the buckle of his girdle*. But I do not know its original or meaning.

JOHNSON.

A corresponding expression is to this day used in Ireland — *If he be angry, let him tie up his brogues*. Neither proverb, I believe, had any other meaning than this: If he is in a bad humour, let him employ himself till he is in a better. STEEVENS.

Large belts were worn with the buckle before, but for wrestling the buckle was turned behind, to give the adversary a fairer grasp at the girdle. To turn the buckle behind, therefore, was a challenge. HOLT WHITE.

P. 77, first l. *Do me right,*] This phrase occurs in Justice Silence's song in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act V. sc. iii. and was the usual form of challenge to pledge a bumper toast in a bumper.

STEEVENS.

P. 77, l. 8. — *he hath bid i. e. invited* So, in *Titus Andronicus*, Act. I. sc. iii.

„I am not bid to wait upon this bride.“ —

REED.

P. 77, l. 11. A *woodcock*, being supposed to have no brains, was a proverbial term for a foolish fellow. MALONE.

A *woodcock*, means one caught in a springe; alluding to the plot against Benedick. DOUCE.

P. 77, l. 19. — *a wise gentleman*: etc.] This jest depending on the colloquial use of words is now obscure; perhaps we should read — *a wise gentleman*, or *a man wise enough to be a coward*. Perhaps *wise gentleman* was in that age used ironically, and always stood for *silly fellow*. JOHNSON.

We still ludicrously call a man deficient in understanding — *a wise-acre*. STEEVENS.

P. 78, l. 18 — 20. *What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!*] It was esteemed a mark of levity and want of becoming gravity, at that time, to go in the doublet and hose, and leave off the cloak, to which this well-turned expression alludes. The thought is, that love makes a man as ridiculous, and exposes him as naked as being in the doublet and hose without a cloak.

WARBURTON.

I doubt much concerning this interpretation, yet am by no means confident that my own is right; I believe, however, these words refer to what Don Pedro had said just before — „And hath challenged thee?“ — and that the meaning is, *What a pretty thing a man is, when he is silly enough to throw off his cloak, and go in his doublet and hose fight for a woman?* — I am aware that there was a particular species of single combat called *happier and cloak*; but I suppose,

nevertheless, that when the small sword came common use, the cloak was generally laid in duels, as tending to embarrass the comb:

MA.

Perhaps the whole meaning of the passage this: — What an inconsistent fool is man, he covers his body with clothes, and at the time divests himself of his understanding!

STEE

P. 78, l. 25. But, soft you, *let be*;] If *l* is the true reading, it must mean, *let t remain as they are*. I have heard the *l* used by Dr. Johnson himself. Mr. Henley yes, that the same expression occurs in *St. 2 xxvii. 49.* STEEVENS.

P. 78, l. 25. 26. — *pluck up, my heart, be sad!*] i. e. rouse thyself, my heart, as prepared for serious consequences! STEEVENS

P. 78, l. 28. 29. — if justice cannot tame she shall ne'er weigh more *reasons* in her bala A quibble between *reasons* and *raisons*.

Rr.

P. 79, l. 14. — *there's one meaning suited.*] That is, *one meaning is put into different dresses*; the Prince having asked same question in four modes of speech.

JOH

P. 79, l. 26. *Incensed* is, incited me. word is used in the same sense in *Richard* and *Henry VIII.* M. MASON.

P. 81, l. 8. *Impose* me to what penance, i. e. *command* me to undergo whatever pen etc. A task or exercise prescribed by way of punishment for a fault committed at the Univ is yet called (as Mr. Steevens has observed former note) an imposition. MALONE.

P. 81, l. 17. To *possess*, in ancient language, signifies, to *inform*, to make acquainted with.

STREVEENS.

P. 81, l. 26. *And she alone is heir to both of us;*] Shakspeare seems to have forgot what he had made Leonato say, 'in the fifth scene of the first Act to Antonio, „How now, brother; where is my cousin your son? hath he provided the musick?“

ANONYMOUS.

P. 82, l. 2. — *was pack'd in all this wrong;*] i. e. combined; an accomplice. MALONE.

P. 82, l. 13—15. *And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed; they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it;*] There could not be a pleasanter ridicule on the fashion, than the constable's descant on his own blunder. They heard the conspirators satirize the *fashion*; whom they took to be a man surnamed *Deformed*. This the constable applies with exquisite humour, to the courtiers, in a description of one of the most fantastical fashions of that time, the men's wearing rings in their ears, and indulging a favorite lock of hair which was brought before, and tied with ribbons, and called a *love-lock*. Against this fashion William Prynne wrote his treatise, called, *The Unlovelyness of Love-Locks*. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton, I believe, has here (as he frequently does) refined a little too much. There is no allusion, I conceive, to the fashion of wearing rings in the ears (a fashion which our author himself followed). The pleasantry seems to consist in Dogberry's supposing that the *lock* which *DEFORMED* wore, must have a key to it. MALONE.

P. 82, l. 15. — *and borrows money in God's name;*] i. e. is a common beggar. This alludes.

with too much levity, to the 17th verse of the xixth chapter of *Proverbs*: „He that giveth to the poor, *lendeth unto the Lord*.“ STEEVENS.

P. 82, l. 26. *God save the foundation!*] Such was the customary phrase employed by those who received alms at the gates of religious houses. Dogberry, however, in the present instance, might have designed to say — „God save the *founder*!

STEEVENS.

P. 83, l. 10. *Lewd*, in this, and several other instances, has not its common meaning, but merely signifies — *idle*. STEEVENS.

P. 83, l. 23. 24. *To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?* I suppose, every reader will find the meaning.

JOHNSON,

Least he should not, the following apposite instance from Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613: is at his service:

„Alas! when we are once o'the falling hand,

„A man may easily *come over us*.“ COLLINS.

Mr. Theobald, to procure an obvious sense, would read — *above* stairs. But there is danger in any attempt to reform a joke two hundred years old.

The sense, however, for which Mr. Theobald contends, may be restored by supposing the loss of a word; and that our author wrote — „Why, shall I always keep *men* below stairs? i. e. never suffer them to come up into my bed-chamber, for the purposes of love. STEEVENS.

P. 83, l. 31. I suppose that *to give the bucklers* is, *to yield*, or *to lay by all thoughts of defence*, so *clypeum abjicere*. The text admits no comment. JOHNSON.

P. 84, l. 7. 8. *The god of love,
That sits above,*] This was the beginning of an old song, by W. E. (William Elderton), a puritanical parody of which, by one W. Birch, under the title of *The complaint of a Sinner, etc. Imprinted at London, by Alexander Lacy for Richard Applow*, is still extant. The words in this moralised copy are as follows:

„The god of love, that sits above,
„Doth know us, doth knew us,
„How sinful that we be.“ RITSON.

In *Bacchus' Bountis*, etc. 4to. bl. l. 1593, is a song beginning —

„The Gods of love
„Which raigue above.“ STEEVENS.

P. 84, l. 23. — *in festival terms.*] i. e. in splendid phrasology, such as differs from common language, as holidays from common days.

STEEVENS.

P. 85, l. 8. *Claudio undergoes my challenge;*] i. e. is subject to it. STEEVENS.

P. 85, l. 29. 30. An old, an old instance, *Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours:*] i. e. when men were not envious, but every one gave another his due. The reply is extremely humorous. WARBURTON.

P. 85, last l. *Question? — Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum:*] i. e. What a question's there, or what a foolish question do you ask? But the Oxford editor, not understanding this phrase, contracted into a single word, (of which we have many instances in English), has fairly struck it out. WARBURTON.

The phrase occurs frequently in Shakspeare, and means no more than — you ask a question, or that is the question. RITSON.

To *do to death* is merely an old translation of the French phrase — *Faire mourir*. See P. 87, l. 3. *Guordon* is reward, *renew*

P. 87, l. 12. *Knight*, in its original sense means *follower*, or *pupil*, and in this sense is feminine. Helena, in *All's well that ends well*, uses *knight* in the same significance.

Virgin knight is virgin hero. In the chivalry, a *virgin knight* was one who had yet achieved no adventure. Hero had achieved no matrimonial one. It may be that a *virgin knight* wore no device on his shield, having no right to any till he had won it. STEEVENS.

I do not believe that any allusion

peared in the accoutrements of a knight, and from that circumstance was so denominated.

STEEVENS.

P. 87, l. 19. *Till death be uttered,*] I do not profess to understand this line, which to me appears both defective in sense and metre. I suppose two words have been omitted, which perhaps were —

Till songs of death be uttered, etc. STEEVENS.

P. 88, l. 2. And, Hymen, now with luckier issue *speed's*,] The old copy has — *speeds*. STEEVENS.

Claudio could not know, without being a prophet, that this new proposed match should have any luckier event than that designed with Hero. Certainly, therefore, this should be a wish in Claudio; and, to this end, the poet might have wrote, *speed's*; i. e. *speed us*: and so it becomes a prayer to Hymen. THIRLEY.

P. 89, l. 28. — *he thinks upon the savage bull:*] Still alluding to the passage quoted in a former scene from Kyd's *Hieronymo*. STEEVENS.

P. 90, l. 7. *And This same is she,* etc.] This speech is in the old copies given to Leonato. Mr. Theobald first assigned it to the right owner. Leonato has in a former part of this scene told Antonio, — that *he* must be father to his brother's daughter, and *give her* to young Claudio. MALONE.

P. 91, l. 26. *Bent.* I would not deny you; — etc.] Mr. Theobald says, *is not this mock-reasoning? She would not deny him, but that she yields upon great persuasion.* In changing the negative, I make no doubt but I have retrieved the poet's humour: and so changes not into yet.

But is not this a *mock-critic*? who could not see that the plain obvious sense of the common reading was this, I cannot find in my heart to deny you, but for all that I yield, after having stood out great persuasions to submission. He had said — *I take thee for pity*, she replies — *I would not deny thee*, i. e. I take thee for pity too: but as I live, I am won to this compliance by importunity of friends. Mr. Theobald, by altering *not to yet*, makes it supposed that *he* had been importunate, and that *she* had often denied, which was not the case. WARBURTON.

P. 91, l. 50. — *I will stop your mouth.* —] This mode of speech, preparatory to a salute, is familiar to our poet in common with other stage-writers. THEOBALD.

P. 92, l. 94. — *in that* — i. e. because. So, Hooker: „Things are preached not *in that* they are taught, but *in that* they are published.“

STEEVENS.

P. 92, l. 23. — *no staff more reverend than one tipp'd with horn.*] This passage may admit of some explanation that I am unable to furnish. By accident I lost several instances I had collected for the purpose of throwing light on it. The following, however, may assist the future commentator.

MS. Sloan, 1691.

„THAT A FELLON MAY WAGE BATTLE, WITH
THE ORDER THEREOF.

„— by order of the lawe both the parties must at their owne charge be armed withoute any pson or long armour, and theire heades bare, and bare-banded and bare-footed, every one of them

having a *baston* horned at each end, of one length," etc.

Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, edit. 1615, p. 669: "— his baston a *staffe* of an elle long, made taper-wise, *tipt with horne*, etc. was borne after him." STEEVENS.

Again, Britton, *Pleas of the Crown*, c. xxvii. s. 18; "Next let them go to combat armed without iron and without linnen armour, their heads uncovered and their hands naked, and on foot, with *two bastons tipped with horn* of equal length, and each of them a target of four corners, without any other armour, whereby any of them may annoy the other; and if either of them have any other weapon concealed about him, and therewith annoy his adversary, let it be done as shall be mentioned among combats in a plea of land." REED.

Mr. Steevens's explanation is undoubtedly the true one. The allusion is certainly to the ancient trial by *wager of battel*, in suits both criminal and civil. The quotation above given recites the form in the former case, — viz., an appeal of felony. The practice was nearly similar in civil cases, upon issue joined in a writ of right. Of the last trial of this kind in England, (which was in the thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth,) our author might have read a particular account in Stowe's *Annales*. Henry Nailor, master of defence, was champion for the demandants, Simon Low and John Kyme; and George Thorne for the tenant, (or defendant;) Thomas Paramoure. The combat was appointed to be fought in Tathill-fields, and the Judges of the Common Pleas and *Serjeants at law* attended. But a compromise was entered into between the parties, the evening

before the appointed day, and they only went through the forms, for the great security of the tenant. Among other ceremonies Stowe mentions, that „the gauntlet that was cast down by George Thorne was borne before the sayd Nailor, in his passage through London, upon a sword's point, and his baston (a *staff* of an ell long, made taper-wise, *tipt with horn*,) with his shield of hard leather, was borne after him," etc. See also Minshew's Dict. 1017, in v. *Combat*; from which it appears that Naylor on this occasion was introduced to the Judges, with „three solemn congees," by a very *reverend* person, „Sir Jérôme Bowes, ambassador from Queen Elizabeth into Russia, who carried a red *baston* of an ell long, *tipped with horn*." — In a very ancient law-book entitled *Britton*, the manner in which the combatants are to be armed is particularly mentioned. The quotation from the Sloanian MS. is a translation from thence. By a ridiculous mistake the words, „sans loge arme," are rendered in the modern translation of that book, printed a few years ago, „without *linnen armour*;" and „a mains nues et pies" [bare-handed and bare-footed] is translated, „and their hands naked, and on *foot*."

MALONE.

This play may be justly said to contain two of the most sprightly characters that Shakespeare ever drew. The wit, the humourist, the gentleman, and the soldier, are combined in Benedick. It is to be lamented, indeed, that the first and most splendid of these distinctions, is disgraced by unnecessary prophaneness; for the goodness of his heart & hardly sufficient to atone for the licence of ' tongue. The too sarcastic levity, which out in the conversation of Beatrice,

Accused on account of the steadiness and friendship so apparent in her behaviour, when she urges her lover to risque his life by a challenge to Claudio. In the conduct of the fable, however, there is an imperfection similar to that which Dr. Johnson has pointed out in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: — the second contrivance is less ingenious than the first: — or, to speak more plainly, the same incident is become stale by repetition. I wish some other method had been found to entrap Beatrice, than that very one which before had been successfully practised on Benedick.

Much ado about Nothing, (as I understand from one of Mr. Vertue's MSS.) formerly passed under the title of Benedick and Beatrix. Heming the player received, on the 20th of May, 1615, the sum of forty pounds, and twenty pounds more as his Majesty's gratuity, for exhibiting six plays at Hampton-Court, among which was this comedy. STEVENS.

NOTES TO THE MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.] This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 8. 1600, by Thomas Fischer. It is probable that the hint for it was received from Chaucer's Knight's Tale.

There is an old black letter pamphlet by W. Lettice, called *Titana and Theseus*, entered at Stationers' Hall, in 1603; but Shakspeare has taken no hints from it. *Titania* is also the name of the Queen of the Fairies in Decker's *Whore of Babylon*, 1607. STEEVENS.

The Midsummer-Night's Dream I suppose to have been written in 1592. See *An attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*.

MALONE.

Page 93. The enumeration of persons was first made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

Page 94, line 10. *Long withering out a young man's revenue.*] The authenticity of this reading having been questioned by Mr. Warburton, I shall exemplify it from Chapman's Translation of the 4th Book of *Homer*:

„— there the goodly plant lies *withering out* his grace.“ STEEVENS.

P. 94, last l. By *triumph*, as Mr. Warton has observed in his late edition of *Milton's Poems*, 1756, we are to understand *shows*, such as masks, revels, etc. MALONE.

P. 95, l. 17. — *gawds* —] i. e. baubles, toys, trifles. Our author has the word frequently. The Rev. Mr. Lamb, in his notes on the ancient medical history of the *Battle of Flodden*, observes that a *gawd* is a *child's toy*, and that the children in the North call their play-things *gowdys*, and their baby-house a *gowdy-house*.

STEEVENS.

P. 95, l. 23—30. — I may dispose of her by a law of Solon's, parents had an equal power of life and death over their children. This suited the poet's purpose well enough, as the Athenians had it before. —

either thought nor knew any thing of the
 cr. WARBURTON.

P. 95, l. 81. *Immediately provided in that case.]* Shakspeare is grievously suspected of having been placed, while a boy, in an attorney's office. The line before us has an undoubted smack of legal common-place. Poetry disclaims it. STEEVENS.

P. 96, l. 2. 3. — — *and within his power
 , To leave the figure, or disfigure it.]*
 The sense is, *you owe to your father a being which he may at pleasure continue or destroy.*

JOHNSON.

P. 96, l. 20. — *to die the death,]* So in the Second part of *The downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

„We will, my liege, else let us *die the death.*“ STEEVENS.

P. 96, l. 23. *Know of your youth,]* Bring your youth to the question. Consider your youth.

JOHNSON.

P. 96, l. 27. *For aye]* i. e. for ever.

STEEVENS.

P. 96, l. 52. *But earthlier happy —]* Thus all the copies: yet *earthlier* is so harsh a word, and *earthlier happy*, for *happier earthly*, a mode of speech so unusual, that I wonder none of the editors have proposed *earlier happy*. JOHNSON.

It has since been observed, that Mr. Pope did propose *earlier*. We might read — *earthly happier*. STEEVENS.

P. 96, l. 52. But *earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,]* So, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1593: „— You bee all young and faire, endeavour to bee wise and virtuous; that when, like roses, you shall fall from the stalke, you may

be gathered, and put to the *still*." This image however, must have been generally obvious, as in Shakspeare's time the distillation of rose water was a common process in all families.

STEEVEN.

This is a thought in which Shakspeare seems to have much delighted. We meet with it more than once in his Sonnets. See 5th, 6th, and 54th Sonnet. MALONE.

P. 97, l. 16. *Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.*] I suspect that Shakspeare wrote:

„Let me have Hermia; do you marry him.“

TYRWHITT.

P. 97, l. 52. *As spotless is innocent, so spotted is wicked.* JOHNSON.

P. 98, l. 21. *Beteem them —*] Give them, bestow upon them. The word is used by Spenser.

JOHNSON.

P. 98, l. 26. *O cross! too high to be enthralld to low!*] *Love —* possesses all the editions, but carries no just meaning in it. Nor was Hermia displeas'd at being in love; but regrets the inconveniences that generally attend the passion; either, the parties are disproportioned, in degree of blood and quality; or unequal, in respect of years; or brought together by the appointment of friends, and not by their own choice. These are the complaints represented by Lysander; and Hermia, to answer to the first, as she has done to the other two, must necessarily say:

„*O cross! too high to be enthralld to low!*

So the antithesis is kept up in the terms; so she is made to condole the disproportion of blood and quality in lovers. THEOBALD

The emendation is fully supported, not only by the tenour of the preceding lines, but by a passage in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, in which the former predicts that the course of love never shall run smooth:

„Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend,
„Ne'er settled equally, too high, or low, etc.

MALONE.

P. 98, l. 33. Making it *momentary* as a sound,] Thus the quartos. The first folio reads — *momentary*. *Momentary* (says Dr. Johnson) is the old and proper word. STEEVENS.

„ — that short *momentary* rage,“ — is an expression of Dryden. HENLEY.

P. 98, last but one l. *Collied*, i. e. black, smutted with coal, a word still used in the midland counties. STEEVENS.

P. 98, last l. Though the word *spleen* may be here employed oddly enough, yet I believe it right. Shakspeare, always hurried on by the grandeur and multitude of his ideas, assumes every now and then, an uncommon licence in the use of his words. Particularly in complex moral modes it is usual with him to employ one, only to express a very few *ideas* of that number of which it is composed. Thus, wanting here to express the ideas — of a sudden, or — *in a trice*, he uses the word *spleen*; which, partially considered, signifying a hasty sudden fit, is enough for him, and he never troubles himself about the further or fuller signification of the word. Here he uses the word *spleen* for a *sudden hasty fit*; so just the contrary, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he uses *sudden* for *splenetic*; „*sudden quips*.“ And it must be owned this sort of conversation adds a force to the diction. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare ..

exploits before the
long before the death of

P. 100, l. 6. Fair is used as
live in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act ..

P. 100, l. 7. Your eyes are lode-stars;] This
was a compliment not unfrequent among the old
poets. The lode star is the leading or guiding
star, that is, the pole-star. The magnet is, for
the same reason, called the lode-stone, either
because it leads iron, or because it guides the
sailor. JOHNSON.

P. 100, l. 12. Favour is feature, countenance
P. 100, l. 13. Your's would I catch,]
emendation is taken from the Oxford edi
The old reading is — Your words I catch.

Mr. Malone reads — „Your words I'd c
The emendation [Pd catch] was made
editor of the second folio. Six T. Han
— „Yours would I catch; in which he
followed by the subsequent editors.
reading (words) is intelligible. I have
the ancient copies. MALONE.
I have despoiled the old copies,
am unable to discover how Helev

eds of Hermia, could also catch her favour,
her beauty. STEEVENS.

100, l. 19. To *translate*, in our author,
sometimes signifies to *change*, to *transform*.

STEEVENS.

P. 100, l. 51. *None, but your beauty; 'Would
that [fault were mine!]*

I would point this line thus:

„None. — But your beauty: — Would that
fault were mine!“

HENDERSON.

P. 100, l. 55. and fol. Perhaps every reader may
not discover the propriety of these lines. Hermia
is willing to comfort Helena, and to avoid all
appearance of triumph over her. She therefore
bids her not to consider the power of pleasing,
as an advantage to be much envied or much de-
sired, since Hermia, who she considers as possess-
ing it in the supreme degree, has found no other
effect of it than the loss of happiness. JOHNSON.

P. 101, l. 12. Upon *faint* primrose-beds —]
Whether the epithet *faint* has reference to the
colour or smell of primroses, let the reader deter-
mine. STEEVENS.

P. 101, l. 13. *Emptying our bosoms of their
council sweet;*] That is
emptying our bosoms of those secrets upon which
we were wont to consult each other with so
sweet a satisfaction. HEATH.

P. 101, l. 19. 20. — — we must starve our
sight,

From lovers' food, till morrow deep
midnight.] Shakspeare has
a little forgotten himself. It appears from p. 94.
that to-morrow night would be within three
nights of the new moon, when there is no

moonshine at all, much less at
The same oversight occurs in Act

P. 101, l. 51. *Quality* seems a
able to the sense than quantity,
serve. JOHNSON.

Quantity is our author's word.
Act III. sc. ii.

„And women's fear and love

P. 102, l. 4. *Game* here signi-
fies play, but *sport, jest*. So S.
„— 'twixt earnest and 'twi

P. 102, l. 6. — *eyne*,] This p
both in Chaucer and Spenser. ST

P. 102, l. 13. — *it is a dear*
it will cost him much, (be a severe
his feelings,) to make even so slight
my communication. STEEVENS.

P. 102, l. 16. In this scene
advantage of his knowledge of
ridicule the prejudices and com-
players. Bottom, who is general
the principal actor, declares his
for a tyrant, for a part of fury
noise, such as every young man
when he first steps upon the stage.
Bottom, who seems bred in a different
another histrionical passion. He
every part, and would exclude
all possibility of distinction.
desirous to play Pyramus, Thisbe
at the same time. JOHNSON.

P. 102, l. 22. A scrip. Ex. etc.
ecrit. STEEVENS.

P. 102, l. 29. — and so grow to a point] Dr. Warburton reads — *go on*; but *grow* is used, in allusion to his name, Quince. JOHNSON.

To *grow* to a point, I believe, has no reference to the name of Quince. I meet with the same kind of expression in *Wily Beguiled*:

„As yet we are grown to no conclusion.“

STEEVENS.

The sense, in my opinion, hath been hitherto mistaken; and instead of a *point*, a substantive, I would read *appoint* a verb, that is, *appoint* what part each actor is to perform, which is the real case. Quince first tells them the name of the play, then calls the actors by their names, and after that, tells each of them what part is set down for him to act.

Perhaps, however, only the particle *a* may be inserted by the printer, and Shakspeare wrote to *point*, i. e. to appoint. WARNER.

P. 102, l. 30. — *The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.*] This is very probably a burlesque on the title page of *Cambyses*, „A lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleasant Mirth, containing, *The Life of Cambyses King of Persia*,“ etc. By Thomas Preston, bl. l. no date.

On the registers of the Stationer's company, however, appears „the booke of *Perymus and Thisby*,“ 1562. Perhaps Shakspeare copied some part of his interlude from it. STEEVENS.

P. 103, first l. — *A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.* —] This is designed as a ridicule on the titles of our ancient moralities and interludes. Thus Skelton's *Magnificence* is called „a goodly interlude and a merry.“

STEEVENS.

P. 103, l. 3. — *spread yourselves.*] i. e. stand separately, not in a group, but so that you may be distinctly seen, and called over. STEEVENS.

P. 103, l. 16. I will *condole* in some measure.] When we use this verb at present, we put *with* before the person for whose misfortune we profess concern. Anciently it seems to have been employed without it. STEEVENS.

P. 103, l. 19. — or a part to *tear a cat in.*] In the old comedy of *The Rearing Girl*, 1611, there is a character called *Tear-cat*, who says: „I am called, by those who have seen my valour, *Tear-cat*." In an anonymous piece called *Histrionomastix*, or *The Player Whipt*, 1610, in six acts, a parcel of soldiers drag a company of players on the stage, and the captain says: „Sirrah, this is you that would read and *tear a cat* upon a stage," etc.

STEEVENS.

P. 103, l. 19. — *to make all split.*] This is to be connected with the previous part of the speech; not with the subsequent rhymes. It was the description of a bully. In the second act of *The Scornful Lady*, we meet with „two rearing boys of Rome, that *made all split*." FARMER.

P. 103, l. 21. *With shivering shocks,*] The old copy reads — „*And shivering,*" etc. The emendation is Dr. Farmer's. STEEVENS.

P. 103, l. 31. Francis Flute, *the bellows-mender.*] In Ben Jonson's *Masque of Pains Anniversary*, etc. a man of the same profession is introduced. I have been told that a *bellows-mender* was one who had the care of *organs, regals*, etc. STEEVENS.

P. 104, l. 2—4. *Nay, faith, let me not play a woman;* etc.] This passage shows how the want of women on the old stage was supplied. If they had not a young man who could perform

the part with a face that might pass for feminine, the character was acted in a mask, which was at that time a part of a lady's dress so much in use that it did not give any unusual appearance to the scene: and he that could modulate his voice in a female tone, might play the woman very successfully. It is observed in Downes's *Roscius Anglicanus*, that Kynaston, one of these counterfeit heroines moved the passions more strongly than the women that have since been brought upon the stage. Some of the catastrophes of the old comedies, which make lovers marry the wrong women, are, by recollection of the common use of masks, brought nearer to probability. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson here seems to have quoted from memory. Downes does not speak of Kynaston's performance in such unqualified terms. His words are — „it has since been disputable among the judicious, whether any woman that succeeded him, (Kynaston) so sensibly touched the audience as he.“ REED.

Prynne, in his *Histriomastix*, exclaims with great vehemence through several pages, because a woman acted a part in a play at Blackfryars in the year 1628. STEEVENS.

P. 104, l. 15. — *you must play Thisby's mother.*] There seems a double forgetfulness of our poet, in relation to the characters of this interlude. The father and mother of Thisby, and the father of Pyramus, are here mentioned, who do not appear at all in the interlude; but Wall and Moonsshine are both employed in it, of whom there is not the least notice taken here.

THEOBALD.

Theobald is wrong as to this last particular.

P. 105, l. 3. *An* means *as if*. So
and Cressida: — „He will weep you
a man born in April.“ STEEVENS.

P. 105, l. 12—16. Here Bottom ages
a true genius for the stage by his so-
propriety of dress, and his delibera-
beard to choose among many beards, and

This custom of wearing coloured
reader will find more amply explained
for Measure, Act IV. sc. ii.

P. 105, l. 16. 17. Some of your Fre-
have no hair at all, and then you will
faced.] That is, a head from which the hair
fallen in one of the last stages of the
rea, called the *conora veneris*. To this
has too frequent allusions. STEEVENS.

P. 105, l. 25. *Properties* are wh

their arms unserviceable. Hence when one ~~old~~ give another absolute assurance of meeting, he would say proverbially — *hold or cut* — *strings* — i. e. whether the bow-strings ~~is~~ or broke. For *cut* is used as a neuter, like verb *fret*. As when we say, the *string frets*, *silk frets*, for the passive, *it is cut* or *fretted*.

WABBURTON.

his interpretation is very ingenious, but somewhat disputable. The excuse made by the militia is a mere supposition, without proof; and well known that while *bows* were in use, archer ever entered the field without a supply *strings* in his pocket; whence originated the verb, *to have two strings to one's bow*.

STEEVENS.

to meet, *whether bow-strings hold or are out*, to meet in all events. To cut the bowstring, when bows were in use, was probably a common phrase of those who bore enmity to the archer.

MALONE.

106, l. 10. Swifter than the *moones* sphere;] as we suppose this to be the Saxon genitive, (as it is here printed,) the metre will be five.

in a letter from Gabriel Harvey to Spenser, "Have we not Gods *hys* wrath, for Goddesses, and a thousand of the same stamp, where the corrupte orthography in the moste, hath the sole or principal cause of corrupte prose in over-many?" STEEVENS.

106, l. 12. The *orbs* here mentioned are the supposed to be made by the fairies on the sod, whose verdure proceeds from the fairies to water them. JOHNSON.

106, l. 13. The cowslip was a favourite

among the fairies. There is -
of their attention to May morning:

"— For the Queen a fitting tower,
"Quoth he, is that fair cowslip flower. —
"In all your train there's not a fay;
"That ever went to gather May,
"But she hath made it in her way,
"The tallest there that groweth. JOHNSON.

This was said in consequence of Queen Elizabeth's fashionable establishment of a band of military courtiers, by the name of pensioners. They were some of the handsomest and tallest young men of the best families and fortune, that could be found. Hence, says Mrs. Quickly, in *The Merry Wives*, Act II. sc. ii: "and yet there have been earls, nay, which is more, Pensioners. They gave the mode in dress and diversions. They accompanied the Queen in her progress to a play bridge, where they held staff-torches at a play a Sunday evening in King's College Chapel. T. WAT

P. 106, l. 13. 14. The cowslips tall her pensioners be;

In their gold coats spots you see;
Shakespeare, in *Cymbeline*, refers to the spots:

"A mole cinque-spotted, like the drops
"I th' bottom of a cowslip." PRI

Perhaps there is likewise some allusion habit of a pensioner. STEEVENS.

P. 106, l. 19. Lob, lubber, looby, denote both inactivity of body and mind. JOHNSON.

P. 106, last l. Changeling is

child supposed to be left by the fairies, & for a child taken away. JOHNSON.

here properly used, and in its common sense; that is for a *child* got in exchange. is now speaking. RAYSON.

7, l. 7. — *sheen*,] Shining, bright, gay. JOHNSON.

7, l. 8. To *square* here is to quarrel. The word *contrecarrer* has the same import.

JOHNSON. somewhat whimsical, that the *glaciers* are *square* and *quarrel* — as synonymous for a pane of glass. BLACKSTONE.

7, l. 12, 13. Or else you are that *shrewd and knavish sprite*,

Call'd Robin Good-fellow:] This account in *Good-fellow* corresponds, in every with that given of him in *Harsenet's Deem*, ch. xx. p. 134: „And if that the of curds and creame were not duly set out in *Good-fellow*, the frier, and Sisse the said, why then either the pottage was to next day in the pot, or the cheeses not curdle, or the butter would not come, ale in the fat never would have good But if a Peter-penny, or an house-egge ghind, or a patch of tythe unpaid, then f bull-beggars, spirits,“ etc. He is mentioned by Cartwright [*Ordinary*, Act III. sc. i.] as particularly fond of disconcerting and ng domestic peace and oeconomy.

T. WARTON. old Scot gives the same account of this ome spirit, in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 584, 4to. p. 66: „Your grandames' maids out to set a bowl of milk for him, for

his pains in grinding malt and mustard, an-
ing the house at midnight — this whi
and bread and milk, was his standing fee.

ST

P. 107, l. 13—17. The sense of these
confused. *Are not you he*, says the fair
fright the country girls, that skim milk
in the hand-mill, and make the tire
woman churn without effect? The me
the mill seems out of place, for she is
telling the good, but the evil that he
would regulate the lines thus:

„*And sometimes make the breathle*
wife churn

„*Skim milk, and bootless labour*
quern.“

Or, by a simple transposition of the lines

„*And bootless make the breathless i*
churn

„*Skim milk, and sometimes labor*
quern.“

Yet there is no necessity of alteration

Dr. Johnson thinks the mention of
out of place, as the Fairy is not now t
good but the evil he does. The observa

Quern is a hand-mill, *kucrna*, *mola*. Islandic.

STEEVENS.

107, l. 18. *Barme* is a name for *yeast*, yet in our midland counties, and universally in Ind. STEEVENS.

107, l. 19. It will be apparent to him that I compare Drayton's poem with this play, that either one of the poets copied the other, or, as I rather believe, that there was then some system in the fairy empire generally received, which they represented as accurately as they could. Whether Drayton or Shakspeare wrote first, I do not discover. JOHNSON.

The editor of *The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, 4 vols. 8vo. 1775, supposes Drayton to have been the follower of Shakspeare; for, says he, in *Quixote* (which was not published till 1605,) is cited by *The Nymphidia*, whereas we have an edition of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* 1600. "In this century some of our poets have been as little scrupulous in adopting the style of their predecessors."

Mr. Pope is more indebted to Chaucer for lines inserted in his *Eloisa* to Abelard, than he has been willing to acknowledge.

STEEVENS.

Don Quixote, though published in Spain in 1605, was probably little known in England till Cotton's translation appeared in 1612. Drayton's poem was, I have no doubt, subsequent to that time. The earliest edition of it that I have seen, is printed in 1619. MALONE.

107, l. 19. — — and sweet Puck,] The *bee* is by no means superfluous; as Puck was far from being an endearing appella-

P. 107, l. 23. —
fill up the verse which I suppose
complete:

„I am, thou speak'st aright;

It seems that in the Fairy mythology, Puck Hobgoblin, was the trusty servant of Oberon always employed to watch or detect the intrigues of Queen Mab, called by Shakspeare Titania in Drayton's *Nymphidia*, the same fairy engaged in the same business. Mab has an affair with Pigwiggan: Oberon being jealous, Hobgoblin to catch them, and one of Mab's attendants opposes him by a spell. JOHNSON.

P. 107, l. 29. — *crab*; i. e. the wild
that name. STEEVENS.

P. 107, l. 32. *Aunt* is sometimes used
euress. In Gascoigne's *Glass of Gov-*
ernment the *bawd* Pandarina is always called
and her phrases is the f

α, falls as a tailor squats upon his board. Iford editor, and Dr. Warburton after him. *and rails or cries*, plausibly, but I believe rightly. Besides, the trick of the fairy is represented as producing rather merriment than anger.

JOHNSON.

This phrase perhaps originated in a pun. *Your ail is now on the ground*. See Camden's *Remaines*, 1614. PROVERBS. „Between two stools he taylor goeth to the ground.“ MALONE.

P. 108, l. 3. And *waxen* in their mirth,] And increase, as the *moon waxes*. JOHNSON.

A feeble sense may be extracted from the foregoing words as they stand; but Dr Farmer observes to me that *waxen* is probably corrupted from *yoxen*, or *yexen*. *Yoxe*, Saxon, to *hiccup*. [*lyxyn*, *Singultio*. Prompt. Parv.

That *yex*, however, was a familiar word so late as the time of Ainsworth the lexicographer, is clear from his having produced it as a translation of the Latin substantive — *singultus*.

The meaning of the passage before us will then be, that the objects of Puck's waggery laughed till their laughter ended in a *yex* or *hiccup*.

It should be remembered, in support of this conjecture, that Puck is at present speaking with an affectation of ancient phraseology.

STEEVENS.

P. 108, l. 5. *But room, Faery,*] Thus the old copies. Some of our modern editors read — „But *nake* room, Fairy.“ The word *Fairy*, or *Faery*, was sometimes of three syllables, as often in *Spenser*. JOHNSON.

P. 108, l. 9. Oberon had been introduced on the stage in 1594, by some other author. „In the

Stationers' books is entered „The Scottishe story of James the fourth, slain at Blodden, intermixed with a pleasant comedie presented by Oberon, King of Fairies.“ STEEVENS.

P. 108, l. 10. TITANIA,] As to the *Fairy Queen*, (says Mr. Warton in his *Observations on Spenser*.) considered apart from the race of fairies, the notion of such an imaginary personage was very common. STEEVENS.

P. 108, l. 28. The *glimmering night* is the night faintly illuminated by stars. In *Macbeth* our author says:

„The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day.“ STEEVENS.

P. 108, l. 30. From *Perigenia*,] Thus all the editors, but our author who diligently perus'd Plutarch, and glean'd from him, where his subject would admit, knew, from the life of *Theseus* that her name was *Perygine*, (or *Perigune*), by whom *Theseus* had his son *Melanippus*. She was the daughter of *Sinnis*, a cruel robber, and tormenter of passengers in the *Isthmus*. Plutarch and *Athenacius* are both express in the circumstance of *Theseus* ravishing her. THEOBALD.

In North's translation of Plutarch (*Life of Theseus*) this lady is called *Perigouna*. The alteration was probably intentional, for the sake of harmony. Her real name was *Perigune*.

MALOT

P. 109, l. 2. By the *middle summer's spring* our author seems to mean the beginning of, or *mid summer*. STEEVENS.

The *middle summer's spring*, is, the season when trees put forth their leaves as they are frequently called their new

shoots: Thus, Evelyn in his *Silva*: „Cut off all the side boughs, and especially at midsummer, if you spy them *breaking* out.“ And again, „Where the rows and brush lie longer than *midsummer*, unbound, or made up, you endanger the loss of the *second spring*.“ HENLEY.

P. 109, l. 4. *By paved fountain,*] A fountain laid round the edge with stone. JOHNSON.

Perhaps *paved* at the bottom. So, Lord Bacon in his *Essay on Gardens*: „As for the other kind of *fountain*, which we may call a bathing poole, it may admit much curiosity and beauty. . . . As that the bottom be finely *paved* . . . the *sides* likewise,“ etc. STEEVENS.

The epithet seems here intended to mean no more than that the beds of these fountains were covered with pebbles in opposition to those of the rushy brooks which are oozy. HENLEY.

P. 109, l. 12. — every *petting* river —] Thus the quartos: the folio reads — *petty*. Shakspeare has in *Lear* the same word, *low petting farms*. The meaning is plainly, *despicable*; *mean*, *sorry*, *wretched*; but as it is a word without any reasonable etymology, I should be glad to dismiss it for *petty*: yet it is undoubtedly right. We have „*petty petting officer*“ in *Measure for Measure*. JOHNSON.

P. 109, l. 15. That they have *overborne their continents*:] Born down the banks that contain them. MALONE.

P. 109, l. 19. The *murrain* is the plague in cattle. It is here used by Shakspeare as an adjective: as a substantive by others.

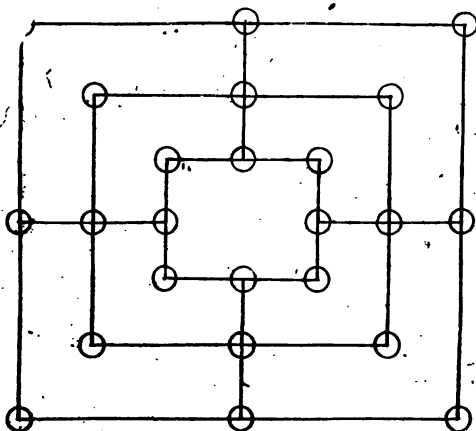
STEEVENS.

NOTES TO THE

80. The nine men's morris is filed up with mud;] In that wickshire where Shakspeare was educated the neighbouring parts of Northamptonshire with their knives and other boys dig up a chess board. It consists of a square, only a foot diameter, sometimes three yards. Within this is another square, the side of which is parallel to the external one; and these squares are joined by lines from each corner of both squares, and the middle of each line. One party, or player, has golden pegs, the other stones, which they move in such a manner as to take up each other's men as they are called, and the area of the inner square is called the Pound, in which the men taken up are impounded. These figures are by the country people called Nine Men's Morris, or Merrils; and are so called, because each party has nine men. These figures are always cut up the green turf or leys, as they are called, or in the grass at the end of ploughed lands, and in rainy seasons never fail to be choaked up mud. JAMES.

Nine men's morris is a game still play'd in the counties, as follows:

A figure is made on the ground (like the I have drawn) by cutting out the turf. Persons take each nine stones, which by turns in the angles, and afterwards alternately, as at chess or draughts, place three in a straight line, &c.



off any one of his adversary's, where he pleases, till one, having lost all his men, loses the game.

ALCHORNE.

P. 109, l. 21. *And the quaint mazes in the wanton green.*] This alludes to a sport still followed by boys; i. e. what is now called *running the figure of eight*.

STEEVENS.

P. 109, l. 23. *The human mortals* —] Shakspeare might have employed this epithet, which, at first sight, appears redundant, to mark the difference between *men* and *fairies*. Fairies were not *human*, but they were yet subject to mortality.

It appears from the Romance of *Sir Huon of Bordeaux*, that *Oberon* himself was mortal.

STEEVENSON.

„This however (says Mr. Ritson,) does not by any means appear to be the case. *Oberon*, *Titania*, and *Puck*, *never dye*; the inferior agents must necessarily be supposed to enjoy the same privilege; and the ingenious commentator may rely upon it, that the oldest woman in England never heard of the death of a *Fairy*. *Human mortals* is, notwithstanding, evidently put in opposition to fairies who partook of a middle nature between *men* and *spirits*." It is a misfortune as well to the commentators, as to the readers of *Shakspeare*, that so much of their time is obliged to be employed in explaining and contradicting unfounded conjectures and assertions. *Spenser*, in his *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. x. says, (I use the words of Mr. Warton; *Observations on Spenser*, Vol. I. p. 55.) „That man was first made by *Pro-metheus*, was called *Elfe*, who wandering over the world, at length arrived at the gardens of *Adonis*, where he found a female whom he called *Fay*. — The issue of *Elfe* and *Fay* were called *Fairies*, who soon grew to be a mighty people, and conquered all nations. Their eldest son *Elfin* governed *America*, and the next to him, named *Elfinan*, founded the city of *Cicopolis*, which was enclosed with a golden wall by *Elfinian*. His son *Elfin* overcame the *Gobbelines*; but of all fairies *Elfant* was the most renowned, who built *Panth* of *chrysal*. To these succeeded *Elfar*, who sl^d two brethren giants; and to him *Elfenor*, built a bridge of glass over the sea, the s^c which was like thunder. At len ruled the *Fairy-land* with much v

highly advanced its power and honour: he left two sons, the eldest of which, fair Elferon, died a premature death, his place being supplied by the mighty Oberon; a Prince, whose „wide memorial“ still remains; who dying left Tauaquil to succeed him by will, she being also called Glorian or Gloriana.“ I transcribe this pedigree, merely to prove that in Shakspeare's time the notion of Fairies dying was generally known. REED.

P. 109, l. 24. No night is now with *hymn or carol blest*: —] Since the coming of Christianity, this season, [winter] in commemoration of the birth of Christ, has been particularly devoted to festivity. And to this custom, notwithstanding the impropriety, *hymn or carol blest* certainly alludes. WARBURTON.

Hymns and carols, in the time of Shakspeare, during the season of Christmas, were sung every night about the streets, as a pretext for collecting money from house to house. STEEVENS.

P. 109, l. 27. *Rheumatic diseases*, signified in Shakspeare's time, not what we now call *rheumatism*, but distillations from the head, catarrhs, etc.

MALONE.

P. 109, l. 28. — thorough this *distemperature*,] This *perturbation* of the elements. STEEVENS.

By *distemperature*, I imagine is meant in this place, the perturbed state in which the King and Queen had lived for some time past. MALONE.

P. 109, l. 31. — on old Hyem's chin, and icy crown,] Dr. Grey, not inelegantly, conjectures, that the poet wrote:

„— on old Hyem's' chill and icy crown.,,

It is not indeed easy to discover how a chap can be placed on the chin. STEEVENS.

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NOTES TO THE

It should rather be *thin*, i. e. *thin-hair'd*.

Thinne is nearer to *chinne* (the spelling of the old copies) than *chill*, and therefore, I think, more likely to have been the author's word.

P. 109, L. 34. The *childing* autumn,] Is the *pregnant* autumn, *frugifer autumnus*.

Childing is an old term in botany, when a small flower grows out of a large one; „the *childing* autumn,“ therefore means the autumn which unseasonably produces flowers on those of summer. Florists have also a *childing* daisy, and a *childing* scabious. HOLT WHITE.

P. 109, last l. By *their increase*,] This is, By *their produce*. JOHNSON.

P. 110, l. 7. To be my *henchman*.] Page of honour. This office was abolished by Queen Elizabeth. GAY.

The office might be abolished at court, but probably remained in the city. Glapthorne, in his comedy called *Wit in a Constable*, 1640, has this passage:

„When she was lady mayress, and you humbl
„As her trim *hench-boys*.“

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Christmas Masque*
„— he said grace as well as any of the sherif
hench-boys.“

Skinner derives the word from Hine A. quasi domesticus famulus. Spelman from Henman, equi curator, *invenio*. STEEVENS.

In a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury d. 11th of December 1565, it is said, „Her *Hie*“ (i. e. Queen Elizabeth) hath of late, „*doo moche marvell*, dissolved the an
of *Henchemen*,“ (Lodge's Illustrati

p. 558.) On this passage Mr. Lodge observes that *Henchmen* were „a certain number of youths, the sons of gentlemen, who stood or walked near the person of the monarch on all publick occasions. They are mentioned in the sumptuary statutes of the 4th of Edward the Fourth, and 24th of Henry VIII. and a patent is preserved in the *Foedera*, Vol. XV. 242, whereby Edward VI. gives to William Bukley, M. A. *propter gravitatem morum et doctrinae abundantiam, officium docendi, erudiendi, atque instituendi adolescentulos vocatos HENCHMEN*; with a salary of 40l. per annum. *Henchman*, or *Heinsman*, is a German word, as Blount informs us in his *Glossographia*, signifying a domestic, whence our ancient term *Hind*, a servant in the house of a farmer. Dr. Percy, in a note on the Earl of Northumberland's household book, with less probability, derives the appellation from their custom of standing by the side, or *Haunch* of their Lord.“

REED.

At the funeral of Henry VIII. nine *henchmen* attended with Sir Francis Bryan, *master of the henchmen*.

Strype's Eccl. Mem. v. 2. App. n. 1.

TIARWHITT.

— *Henchman*. Quasi haunch-man. One that goes behind another. *Pedisequus*. BLACKSTONE.

P. 110, l. 18. (*Following her womb, then rich with, my young 'squire,*)

Perhaps the parenthesis should begin sooner; as I think Mr. Kenrick observes:

„(*Following her womb, then rich with my young squire,*)“

So, in Trulla's combat with Hudibras:

„— She press'd so home,

„That he retir'd, and *follow'd's bum*.”

And Dryden says of his *Spanish Friar*, „ great belly walks in state *before him*, and gouty legs come limping *after it*.” FARMER.

I have followed this regulation, (which is wisely adopted by Mr. Steevens,) though I do not think that of the old copy at all liable to objection made to it by Dr. Warburton. „I did not, (he says) follow the ship whose motion she imitated; for that sailed on the water, she land.” But might she not on land move in same direction with the ship at sea, which certainly would outstrip her? and what is this following?

Which, according to the present regulation must mean — *which motion of the ship with swelling sails*, etc: according to the old regulation it must refer to „embarked traders.”

MALON:

P. 110, l. 34. *Not for thy kingdom*. — *Fairly away*:] The ancient copy read —

„Not for thy *fairy* kingdom. — Fairly away.”

By the advice of Dr. Farmer I have omitted the useless adjective *fairy*, as it spoils the metaphor *Fairies*, the following substantive, being apparently used, in an earlier instance, as a trissyllable

STEEVEN:

P. 111, l. 6—10. *And hear a mermaid*, etc. etc. The first thing observable on these words is, that this action of the *mermaid* is laid in the same time and place with Cupid's attack upon the *vestal*. By the *vestal* every one knows is meant Queen Elizabeth. It is very natural and reasonable

then to think that the *mermaid* stands for some eminent personage of her time. And if so, the allegorical covering, in which there is a mixture of satire and panegyric, will lead us to conclude that this person was one of whom it had been inconvenient for the author to speak openly, either in praise or dispraise. All this agrees with Mary Queen of Scots, and with no other. Q. Elizabeth could not bear to hear her commended; and her successor would not forgive her satirist. But the poet has so well marked out every distinguished circumstance of her life and character in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about his secret meaning. She is called a *mermaid*, 1. to denote her reign over a kingdom situate in the sea, and 2. her beauty, and intemperate lust:

— — — *Ut turpiter atrum*

„*Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne.*“

for as Elizabeth for her chastity is called a *vestal*, this unfortunate lady on a contrary account is called a *mermaid*. 3. An ancient story may be supposed to be here alluded to. The Emperor Julian tells us, Epistle 41. that the Sirens (which, with all the modern poets, are *mermaids*) contended for precedency with the Muses, who overcoming them, took away their wings. The quarrels between Mary and Elizabeth had the same cause, and the same issue.

— on a *dolphin's back*,] This evidently marks out that distinguishing circumstance of Mary's fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of France, son of Henry II.

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,] This alludes to her great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the most accom-

plished Princess of her age. The French writers tell us, that, while she was in that court, she pronounced a Latin oration in the great hall of the Louvre, with so much grace and eloquence, as filled the whole court with admiration.

That the rude sea grew civil at her song;] By the *rude sea* is meant Scotland encircled with the ocean; which rose up in arms against the regent, while she was in France. But her return home presently quieted those disorders: and had not her strange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, she might have passed her whole life in peace. There is the greater justness and beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion is, that the mermaid always sings in storms:

*And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's musick.]* Thus concludes the description, with that remarkable circumstance of this unhappy lady's fate, the destruction she brought upon several of the English nobility, whom she drew in to support her cause. This, in the boldest expression of the sublime, the poet images by *certain stars shooting madly from their spheres*: By which he meant the earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, who fell in her quarrel; and principally the great Duke of Norfolk, whose projected marriage with her was attended with such fatal consequences. Here again the reader may observe a peculiar justness in the imagery. The vulgar opinion being that the mermaid allured men to destruction by her songs. To which opinion Shakspeare alludes in his *Comedy of Errors*:

„O train me not, sweet Mermaid, with thy note,
„To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.“

AIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

he whole, it is the noblest and ju-
y that was ever written. The laying
ry land, and out of nature, is in the char-
the speaker. And on these occasions S
peare always excels himself. He is borne a
by the magic of his enthusiasm, and hurries
reader along with him into these ancient reg-
of poetry, by that power of verse, which we
well fancy to be like what,

„— *Olim fauni vatesque caneant.*

WARBURTON

So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

„And little stars shot from their fixed place

MALCOLM

Every reader may be induced to wish that
foregoing allusion, pointed out by so acute
critic as Dr. Warburton, should remain uncon-
verted; and yet I cannot dissemble my doubt
concerning it. — Why is the *thrice-marr'd*
Queen of Scotland stiled a *Sea-maid*? and
probable that Shakspeare (who understood
own political as well as poetical interest,) should
have ventured such a panegyric on this ill-fated
Princess, during the reign of her rival Elizabeth
If it was unintelligible to his audience, it
thrown away; if obvious, there was danger
offence to her Majesty.

„A star dif-orb'd," however, (See *Troilus and
Cressida*,) is one of our author's favourite im-
ages; and he has no where so happily expressed
as in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

„— the good stars, that were my former
guides,

„Have empty left their orbs, and
their fires

„Into th' abyss of hell."

To these remarks may be added others of tendency, which I met with in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. „That a compliment Queen Elizabeth was intended in the ex of the *fair Vestal throned in the West*, to be generally allowed; but how far Shakspeare signed, under the image of the Mermaid, to Mary Queen of Scots, is more doubtful. the *rude sea grew civil at her song*, is as Dr. Warburton supposes, that the tunes Scotland were appeased by her address, the vation is not true; for that *sea* was in during the whole of Mary's reign. Neither figure just, if by the *stars shooting made their spheres to hear the sea-maid's* the poet alluded to the fate of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and especially of the Duke of Norfolk, whose marriage with Mary, was the occasion of her death. It would have been absurd and irreconcilable to the good sense of the poet, to have represented a nobleman *aspiring to marry a Queen*, under the image of a star *shooting or descending from a sphere*.”

See also Mr. Ritson's observations on this subject. On account of their length, they are given at the end of this Volume. STEEVENS.

P. 111, l. 15. *All arm'd*, does not *dress'd in panoply*, but only enforces that she was *armed*, as we might say, *all footed*. JOHN.

Shakspeare's compliment to Queen Elizabeth has no small degree of propriety and elegance in the use of it. The same can hardly be said of the fol with which the tragedy of *Saliman and F* 1599, concludes. *Death* is the speaker, and he will spare

„— none but sacred *Cynthia's* friend,
 „Whom *Death* did fear before her life began;
 „For holy fates have grav'n it in their tables,
 „That *Death* shall die, if he attempt her end
 „Whose life is heav'n's delight, and *Cynthia's*
 friend.“

If incense was thrown in cart-loads on the altar, this propitious deity was not disgusted by the smoke of it. STEEVENS.

P. 111, l. 16. *At a fair vestal, throned by the west;*] A compliment to Queen Elizabeth. POPE.

It was no uncommon thing to introduce a compliment to her Majesty in the body of a play. STEEVENS.

P. 111, l. 23. — *fancy-free.*] i. e. exempt from the power of love. STEEVENS.

P. 111, l. 28. And maidens call it, *love-in-idleness.*] This is as fine a metamorphosis as any in *Ovid*: With a much better moral, intimating that irregular love has only power when people are idle, or not well employed. WARBURTON.

I believe the singular beauty of this metamorphosis to have been quite accidental, as the poet is of another opinion, in *The Taming of a Shrew*, Act I. sc. iv: And Lucentio's was surely a regular and honest passion. It is scarce necessary to mention that *love-in-idleness* is a flower.

STEEVENS.

The flower or violet, commonly called pansies, or heart's ease, is named *love-in-idleness* in Warwickshire, and in Lyte's Herbal. There is a reason why Shakspeare says it is „now purple with love's wound,“ because one or two of its petals are of a purple colour. TOLLAT.

It is called in other counties the *Three coloured violet*, the *Herb of Trinity*, *Three faces in a hood*, *Cuddle me to you*, etc. STEEVENS.

P. 112, l. 13. *I am invisible;*] I thought proper here to observe, that, as Oberon and Puck his attendant, may be frequently observed to speak, when there is no mention of their entering, they are designed by the poet to be supposed on the stage during the greatest part of the remainder of the play; and to mix, as they please, as spirits, with the other actors; and embroil the plot, by their interposition, without being seen, or heard, but when to their own purpose. THEOBALD.

P. 112, l. 20. Wood, or mad, wild, raving.
POPE.

P. 112, l. 23. 24. *You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;*]

But yet you draw not iron, etc.] I learn from Edward Fenton's *Certaine Secrete Wonders of Nature*, bl. l. 1569, that —“ there is now a dayes a kind of adamant which draweth unto it fleshe, and the same so strongly, that it hath power to knit and tie together, two mouthes of contrary persons, and drawe the heart of a man out of his bodie without offending any parte of him. STEEVENS.

P. 113, l. 9. *You do impeach your modesty* — i. e. bring it into question. STEEVENS.

P. 113, l. 15. Your virtue is my privilege *f* *that.*] i. e. for *leave* the city, etc. TYRWHITT.

P. 113, l. 16. *It is not night, when I / your face,*] is paraphrased from two lines of an [Tibullus]:

— *Tu nocte vel atra*

„*Lumen, et insolis tu mihi turba locis.*“ JOHNSON.

As the works of King David might be more familiar to Shakspeare than Roman poetry, perhaps on the present occasion, the eleventh verse of the 139th Psalm, was in his thoughts. „Yea, the darkness is no darkness with thee, but the night is as clear as the day.“ STEEVENS.

P. 113, l. 31. I will not stay thy *questions*;] Though Helena certainly puts a few insignificant *questions* to Demetrius, I cannot but think our author wrote — *question*, i. e. discourse, conversation. So; in *As you like it*: „I met the Duke yesterday, and had much *question* with him.“

STEEVENS.

P. 114, l. 5. To *die upon*, etc. in our author's language; I believe, meant — „to *die by* the hand.“

STEEVENS.

P. 114, l. 15. The *oxlip* is the greater *cowslip*.

STEEVENS.

P. 114, l. 15. — the *nodding violet* —] i. e. that declines its head, like a drowsy person.

STEEVENS.

P. 114, l. 16. — with *lush* woodbine,] All the old editions read — *luscious* woodbine. On the margin of one of my folios an unknown hand has written *lush* woodbine, which, I think, is right. This hand I have since discovered to be Theobald's.

JOHNSON.

Lush is clearly preferable in point of sense, and absolutely necessary in point of metre. Oberon is speaking in rhyme; but *woodbine*, as hitherto accented upon the first syllable, cannot possibly correspond with *eglantine*. The substitution of *lush* will restore the passage to its original harmony, and the author's idea. RITSON.

I have inserted *lush* in the text, as it is a word already used by Shakspeare in *The Tempest*, Act II:

„How *lush* and lusty the grass looks? how green?

Both *lush* and *luscious* (says Mr. Henley) are words of the same origin.

Fr. Farmer, however, would omit the word quite, as a useless expletive, and read —

„O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine.“

STEEVENS.

P. 114, l. 28. 29. — Thou shalt know the *man*

By the Athenian garments he hath on.]

I desire no surer evidence to prove that the broad Scotch pronunciation once prevailed in England, that such a rhyme as the first of these words affords to the second. STEEVENS.

P. 115, l. 4. *Rounds*, or *roundels*, were like the present country dances. REED.

A *roundel*, *roundill*, or *roundelay*, is sometimes used to signify a song beginning or ending with the same sentence; *redit in orbem*.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, has a chapter *On the roundel, or sphere*, and produces what he calls *A general resemblance of the roundel to God, the world and the Queen*.

STEEVE

A *roundel* is, as I suppose, a circular dance. Ben Jonson seems to call the rings which dances are supposed to make in the grass, *round*

TYRWH

So, in *The Booke of the Governour* by Thomas Elyot, 1557: „In stede of these we now base daunces, bargeuettes, pavyons, tur and *roundes*.“ STEEVENS.

P. 115, l. 5. — for the third part of a *min* Dr. Warburton reads —

„— *for the third part of the midnight.* —“

But the persons employed are *fairies*, to whom the third part of a *minute* might not be a very short time to do such work in. The critik might as well have objected to the epithet *tall*, which the fairy bestows on the *cowslip*. But Shakspeare, throughout the play, has preserved the proportion of other things in respect of these tiny beings, compared with whose size, a *cowslip* might be tall, and to whose powers of execution, a *minute* might be equivalent to an age. STEEVENS.

P. 115, l. 6. What is at present called the *Musk Rose*, was a flower unknown to English botanists in the time of Shakspeare. About fifty years ago it was brought into this country from Spain. STEEVENS.

P. 115, l. 7. A *rere-mouse* is a bat, a *mouse* that *rears* itself from the ground by the aid of wings. STEEVENS.

P. 115, l. 13. — *quaint spirits*:] For this Dr. Warburton reads against all authority:

„— *quaint sports.*“ —

But Prospero, in *The Tempest*, applies *quaint* to Ariel. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is right in the word, and Dr. Warburton in the interpretation. A *spirit* was sometimes used for a *sport*. In Decker's play, *If it be not good, the Devil is in It*, the King of Naples says to the devil Ruffman, disguised in the character of Shalcan: „Now Shalcan, some new *spirits*? Ruff. A thousand wenches stark-naked to play at *leap-frog*. Omnes. O rare sight!“ FARMER.

P. 115, l. 16. — *with double tongue*,] The same epithet occurs in a future scene of this play:

„— with *doubler* tongue

„Than thine, thou *serpent*,” etc.

Again, in *The Tempest*:

„— *adders*, who, with *cloven* tongues,

„Do hiss me into madness.”

By both these terms, I suppose, our author means — *forked*; as the tongues of snakes are sometimes represented in ancient tapestry and paintings. STEEVENS.

P. 115, l. 18. The *nuxt* is the *eft*, the *blind-worm* is the *Caecilia* or *slow-worm*. They are both ingredients in the cauldron of *Macbeth*.

STEEVENS.

P. 116, l. 11. The *ounce* is a small tiger, or tiger-cat. JOHNSON.

P. 116, l. 29. Lysander in the language of love professes, that as they have one heart, they shall have one bed; this Hermia thinks rather too much, and intreats him to *lye further off*. Lysander answers:

„O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;”

Understand *the meaning of my innocence*, or *my innocent meaning*. Let no suspicion of ill enter thy mind. JOHNSON.

P. 116, l. 30. *Loves takes the meaning, in love's conference.*] In the conversation of those who are assured of each other's kindness, not *suspicion* but *love takes the meaning*. No malevolent interpretation is to be made, but all is to be received in the sense which *love* can find, and which *love* can dictate. JOHNSON.

The latter line is certainly intelligible as Dr. Johnson has explained it; but, I think, it requires a slight alteration to make it connect well with the former. I would read:

„Love take the meaning in love's conference.”

That is, Let *love take the meaning*. TYRWHITT.
There is no occasion for alteration. The idea is exactly similar to that of St. Paul: „Love thinketh no evil.“ HENLEY.

P. 117, l. 6. Now much *beshrew* etc.] This word, of which the etymology is not exactly known, implies a sinister wish, and means the same as if she had said „now *ill befall* my manners,“ etc. STEEVENS.

See Minshew's etymology of it, which seems to be an imprecation or wish of such evil to one, as the venomous biting of the *shrew-mouse*.

TOLLET.

P. 117, l. 33. All the power *this charm doth owe*;] i. e. all the power it *possesses*. STEEVENS.

P. 118, l. 9. O, wilt thou *darkling* leave me?] i. e. in the dark. The word is likewise used by Milton. STEEVENS.

P. 118, l. 13. — *my grace*.] My acceptableness, the favour that I can gain. JOHNSON.

P. 119, l. 11. — till now *ripe* not to reason;] i. e. do not *ripen* to it. *Ripe*, in the present instance, is a verb. STEEVENS.

P. 119, l. 12. *And touching now the point of human skill*,] i. e. my senses being now at the utmost height of perfection.

STEEVENS.

P. 119, l. 13. *Reason becomes the marshal to my will*,] That is, My will now follows reason. JOHNSON.

P. 119, l. 27. *Gentleness* is equivalent to what, in modern language, we should call the *spirit of a gentleman*. PERCY.

P. 120, l. 15. *Of all loves is an adjuration* more than once used by our author. So, in

The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II. sc. viii:

„— to send her your little page, of *all loves*.”

STEEVENS.

P. 120, l. 19. In the time of Shakspeare there were many companies of players, sometimes five at the same time, contending for the favour of the puclick. Of these some were undoubtedly very unskilful and very poor, and it is probable that the design of this scene was to ridicule their ignorance, and the odd expedients to which they might be driven by the want of proper decoration. Bottom was perhaps the head of a rival house, and is therefore honoured with an ass's head. JOHNSON.

P. 121, l. 8. *Byrlakin*, a *parlous* fear.] By our *ladykin*, or *little lady*, as *isakins* is a corruption of *by my faith*.

Parlous is a word corrupted from *perilous*, i. e. dangerous. STEEVENS.

P. 121, l. 19. — and it shall be written in *eight and six*.] i. e. in alternate verses of eight and six syllables. MALONE.

P. 121, l. 32. and fol. There are probably many temporary allusions to particular incidents and characters scattered through our author's plays which gave a poignancy to certain passages, while the events were recent, and the persons pointed at, yet living. — In the speech now before us, I think it not improbable that he meant to allude to a fact which happened in his time, at an entertainment exhibited before Queen Elizabeth. It is recorded in a manuscript collection of anecdotes, stories, etc. entitled, *Merry Passages and Jeasts*, MS. Harl 6395: „There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water, and among

others. *Harry Goldingham* was to represent *Arion* upon the dolphin's back; but finding a voice to be very hoarse and unpleasant, when he came to perform it, he tears off his disguise, and swears he was none of *Arion*, not, but even honest *Harry Goldingham*; which unt discoverie pleased the queene better than if he had gone through in the right way: — yet he could order his voice to an instrument exceeding well." The collector of these *Merry Passages* appears to have been nephew to Sir Roger Estrange. MALONE.

P. 123, first l. *Brake*, in the present instance, signifies a *thicket* or *furze-bush*. STEEVENS.

Brake in the west of England is used to express large extent of ground overgrown with *furze*, and appears both here and in the next scene to convey the same idea. HENLEY.

P. 123, l. 18. A stranger *Pyramus* than e'er ay'd here!] I suppose he means in the theatre here the piece was acting. STEEVENS.

P. 123, l. 28. — *juvenal*,] i. e. young man. Falstaff, — the *juvenal* thy master."

STEEVENS.

P. 124, first l. A *cue*, in stage cant, is that last word of the preceding speech, and serves as a hint to him who is to speak next. MALONE.

P. 124, l. 13. *Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier*;) Here the two syllables wanting. Perhaps, it was written:

„*Through bog, through mire*," —

JOHNSON.

The alliteration evidently requires some word beginning with a *b*. We may therefore read:
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old form of the language, as *an n* to *hunger*. So *adry*, for *thirsty*.

P. 124, l. 24. It is plain by B that Snout mentioned an *ass's* *he* we should read:

Snout. *O Bottom, thou art chafed
I see on thee? An ass's head? Joy*

P. 125, l. 4. The *ousel* cock is understood to be the cock blackbird.

The *Ouzel* differs from the *O* having a white crescent upon the *besides* rather larger. See Lewin's

P. 125, l. 6. *The throstle with h*
It appears from the following passage
Newton's, *Herball to the Bible*, 8
the *throstle* is a distinct bird from
— There is also another sort of
the *throstle* carries the

... to be the meaning of it.

STEEVE

126, l. 14. In the ancient copies, this, a three preceding speeches, are given to us collectively. By the advice of Dr. Farnaby we omitted a useless repetition of — „and „ which overloaded the measure. STEEVENS.

126, l. 17. *Dewberries* strictly and properly the fruit of one species of wild bramble call creeping or the lesser bramble; but as they are here among the more delicate fruits, they may be understood to mean raspberries which are of the bramble kind. T. HAWKINS.

Dewberries are *gooseberries*, which are still common in several parts of the kingdom. HENLEY.

126, l. 21. *And light them at the fiercest glow-worm's eyes.*]

I know how Shakspeare, who commonly derived his knowledge of nature from his own observation

in calling the luminous part of a glow-worm the *eye*. It is a liberty we take in plain prose; for the point of greatest brightness in a furnace is commonly called the *eye* of it. Dr. Johnson might have arraigned him with equal propriety for sending his fairies to *light* their tapers at the fire of the glow-worm, which in *Hamlet* he terms *uneffectual*:

„The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
„And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire,”

M. MASON

P. 127, l. 5. A *squash* is an immature peasecod.

STEVENS.

P. 127, l. 11. I know your *patience* well:] The Oxford edition reads — *I know your parentage well*. I believe the correction is right.

JOHNSON.

Parentage was not easily corrupted to *patience*. I fancy, the true word is, *passions*, sufferings.

There is an ancient satirical Poem entitled — „The Poor Man's *Passions*, [i. e. sufferings,] & Poverty's *patience*.” *Patience* and *Passions* are so alike in sound, that a careless transcriber or compositor might easily have substituted the former word for the latter. FARMER.

These words are spoken ironically. According to the opinion prevailing in our author's time, mustard was supposed to excite to cholera.

R

Perhaps we should read — „I know you *pass* well.” M. MASON.

P. 127, last l. *Night-rule* in this place seems to mean, what frolick of the night, revelry is going forward?

It appears, from the old song of *Robin fellow*, in the third volume of Dr. Percy's

of *Ancient English Poetry*, that it was the office of this waggish spirit „to viewe [or superintend] the night-sports.“ STEEVENS.

P. 128, l. 4. *Patch* was in the old language used as a term of opprobry; perhaps with much the same import as we use *raggamuffin*, or *tatterdemalion*. JOHNSON.

Puck calls the players, „a crew of *patches*.“ A common opprobrious term, which probably took its rise from *Patch*, cardinal Wolsey's fool. In the western counties, *cross-patch* is still used for *perverse*, *ill-natur'd fool*. T. WARTON.

The name was rather taken from the *patch'd* or *py'd* coats worn by the fools or jesters of those times.

I should suppose *patch* to be merely a corruption of the Italian *pazzo*, which signifies properly a fool. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act II. sc. v. Shylock says of Launcelot: *The patch is kind enough*; — after having just called him, *that fool of Hagar's off-spring*. TYRWHITT.

P. 128, l. 8. *Barren* is dull, *unpregnant*.

STEEVENS.

P. 128, l. 12. *An ass's nowl* — A head. SAXON.

JOHNSON.

The following receipt for the process tried on Bottom, occurs in *Albertus Magnus de Secretis*: „Si vis quod caput hominis assimiletur *capiti asini*, sume de segimine aselli, et unge hominem in capite, et sic apparebit.“ There was a translation of this book in Shakspeare's time. DOUCE.

P. 128, l. 14. And forth my *mimick* comes:] *Minnock* is the reading of the old quarto, and I believe right. *Minnekin*, now *minx*, is a nice trifling girl. *Minnock* is apparently a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

represented stamping, or of a size that en-
force to a stamp, nor could they have dis-
tinguished the stamps of Puck from those of their
companions. I read:

„And at a stump here o'er and o'er o
So Drayton:

„A pain he in his head-piece feel
„Against a stubbed tree he reels,
„And up went poor Hobgoblin's head
„Alas, his brain was dizzy. —
„At length upon his feet he gets,
„Hobgoblin fumes; Hobgoblin frets
„And as again he forward sets,
„And through the bushes scam
„A stump doth trip him in his pa
„Down fell poor Hob upon his fa
„And lamentably tore his case,
„Among the briers and bramble

vivum cespite gramen." Shakspeare's own authority, however, is most decisive. See the conclusion of the first scene of the fourth act:

„Come, my Queen, take hand with me,
„And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.“

STEEVENS.

Honest Reginald Scott, says, „Our grandams maides were wont to set a boll of milke before Incubus, and his cousin Robin Good-fellow, for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight: and — that he would chafe exceedingly, if the maid or good wife of the house, having compassion of his nakedness, laid anie clothes for him beesides his messe of white bread and milke, which was his standing fee. For in that case he saith, What have we here? Hemton, hamton, here will I never more tread nor stampen.“ *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 85.

RITSON.

P. 128, l. 27. 28. *For briers and thorns at
their apparel snatch;*

Some, sleeves; some, hats:] There is the like image in Drayton, of Queen Mab and her fairies flying from Hobgoblin:

„Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,
„Gainst one another justling;
„They flew about like chaff i' th' wind,
„For haste some left their masks behind,
„Some could not stay their gloves to find,
„There never was such bustling.“

JOHNSON.

P. 128, last l. but one. But hast thou yet
latch'd etc.] Or *latch'd*,
lick'd over, *lecher*, to lick, French. HAMMER.

In the North, it signifies to infect.
STEEVENS.

P. 129, l. 16. Being o'er *shoes* in blood,] An allusion to the proverb, *Over shoes, over boots.*

JOHNSON.

P. 129, l. 24. — *with the Antipodes.*] Dr. Warburton would read — *i' th' antipodes*, which Mr. Edwards ridicules without mercy. The alteration is certainly not necessary, but it is not so unlucky, as he imagined. Shirley has the same expression in his *Andromana*:

„To be a whore, is more unknown to her,

„Then what is done in the *antipodes*.”

P. 130, l. 6. 7. *Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,*

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!] She means,

Hast thou kill'd him sleeping, whom, when awake, thou didst not dare to look upon?

MALONE.

Touch in Shakspeare's time was the same with our *exploit*, or rather *stroke*. A *brave touch*, a noble stroke, *un grand coup*. „*Mason was very merry, pleasantly playing both with the shrewd touches of many curst boys, and the small discretion of many lewd schoolmasters.*” Ascham.

JOHNSON.

A *touch* anciently signified a *trick*. In the old black letter story of *Howleglas*, [it is always used in that sense: „— for at all times he did some mad touch.” STEEVENS.

P. 130, l. 11. — a *mispris'd mood*:] Mistaken; so below *misprision* is mistake. JOHNSON.

Mood is *anger*, or perhaps rather in this place, *capricious fancy*. MALONE.

P. 131, l. 7. *Cheer*, from the Italian *cara*, is frequently used by old English writers for *courtenance*. STEEVENS.

P. 132, l. 8. *Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?*] This is said in allusion to the *badges* (i. e. family crests) anciently worn on the sleeves of servants and retainers. STEEVENS.

P. 132, l. 27. *Taurus* is the name of a range of mountains in Asia. JOHNSON.

P. 132, first l. But you must join, in souls,] i. e. join heartily, unite in the same mind.

STEEVENS.

I rather believe the line should read thus:

„But you must join, *ill* souls, to mock me
Who?

Ill is often used for *bad*, *wicked*. TIRWHITT.

This is a very reasonable conjecture, though I think it hardly right. JOHNSON.

We meet with this phrase in an old poem by Robert Dabourne:

„— Men shift their fashions —

„They are *in souls* the same.“ FARMER.

P. 133, l. 10. *Sort* is here used for *degree* or *quality*. MALONE.

P. 133, l. 11. — *extort*] i. e. Harass, torment.

JOHNSON.

P. 134, l. 11. — *fiery oes* —] Shakspeare uses O for a circle. STEEVENS.

D'Ewes's *Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments*, p. 650, mentions a patent to make spangles and *oes* of gold; and I think haberdashers call small curtain rings, O's, as being circular.

TOLLET.

P. 134, l. 26. — *O, and is all forgot?*] Mr. Gibbon observes, that in a poem of Gregory Nazianzen on his own life, are some beautiful lines which burst from the heart, and speak the pangs of injured and lost friendship, resembling

these. He adds „Shakspeare had never read the poems of Gregory Nazianzen: he was ignorant of the Greek language; but his mother tongue, the language of nature, is the same in Cappadocia and in Britain.“

Gibbon's Hist. Vol. III. p. 15. REED.

P. 134, l. 23. *Artificial* is ingenious, artful,

STEEVENS.

P. 135, l. 2. 3. Two of the first, *like* coats in heraldry,

Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.] The old copies read

— *life* coats, etc. STEEVENS.

The true correction of this passage I owe to the friendship and communication of the ingenious Martin Folkes, esq. — Two of the *first*, *second*, etc. are terms peculiar in heraldry, to distinguish the different *quarterings* of coats. THEOBALD.

These are, as Theobald observes, terms peculiar to heraldry; but that observation does not help to explain them. — Every branch of a family is called a *house*; and none but the *first* of the *first house* can bear the arms of the family, without some distinction. *Two of the first*, therefore, means *two coats of the first house*, which are properly *due but to one*. M. MASON.

According to the rules of heraldry, the *first* house only, (e. g. a father who has a son living, or an elder brother as distinguished from a younger,) has a right to bear the family coat. The son's coat is distinguished from the father's by a label; the younger brother's from the elder's by a mullet. The same crest is common to both. Helena therefore means to say, that she and her friend were as closely united, as much one person, as if they were both of the first house; as if they

had the privilege *due but to one person*, to him of the first house;) the right of the family coat without any distinguishing
MALONE.

135, l. 31. *such an argument.*] Such a set of light merriment. JOHNSON.

137, l. 16. The *canker-blossom* is not in place the blossom of the *canker* or *wild rose*, which our author alludes to in *Much ado about nothing*, Act I. sc. iii:

I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge, than a worm in his grace: „but a worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers, always beginning in the decline. So, in this play, Act II. sc. iii:

„Some to kill *cankers* in the musk-rose buds.,,

STEEVENS.

138, l. 3. I was never *curst*;] i. e. shrewish mischievous. Thus in the old proverbial saying: „*Curst* cows have short horns.“

STEEVENS.

138, l. 21. *Fond*, i. e. foolish.

STEEVENS.

138, l. 33. *Vixen* or *fixen* primitively signifies a *female fox*. STEEVENS.

139, l. 4. You *minimus*, of hind'ring *knot-grass* made;] It appears that *knot-grass* was anciently supposed to prevent the growth of any animal or child.

That Prince of verbose and pedantic coxcombs, hard Tomlinson, apothecary, in his translation *Repodæus his Dispensatory*, 1657, informs us that *knot-grass* „is a low reptant herb, with leaves copious, nodose, and geniculated branches.“ Perhaps no hypochondriack is to be found, who has not derive his cure from the perusal of a single chapter in this work. STEEVENS.

P. 139, l. 9. — *intend* —] i. e. pretend.

STEEVENS.

P. 139, l. 11. To *aby* is to pay dear for, to suffer. STEEVENS.

P. 139, last but one l. — *so did* sort.] So happen in the issue. JOHNSON.

P. 140, l. 15. — *virtuous property*,] Salutiferous. So he calls, in *The Tempest*, *poisonous dew*, *wicked dew*. JOHNSON.

P. 140, l. 20. — *wend*,] i. e. go.

STEEVENS.

P. 140, l. 34. 35. — — — *damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods, have
burial*,] i. e. The ghosts

of self murderers, who are buried in cross-roads; and of those who being drowned, were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of sepulture had never been regularly bestowed on their bodies. That the waters were sometimes the place of residence for *damned spirits*, we learn from the ancient bl. l. Romance of *Syr Eglameure of Artoys*. STEEVENS.

P. 141, l. 6. *I with the morning's love have
oft made sport*;] How such a waggish spirit as the King of the Fairies might make sport with an antiquated lover, or his mistress in his absence, may be easily understood. Dr. JOHNSON reads with all the modern editors, „I with the *morning light*.” etc.

STEEVENS.

Will not this passage bear a different explanation? By the *morning's love* I apprehend *Cephalus*, the mighty hunter and paramour of *Aurora*, is intended. The context, „And, like a forester,” etc. seems to show that the chase was the sport

which Oberon boasts he partook with the morning's love. HOLT WHITE.

P. 141, l. 7 — 10. What the fairy Monarch means to inform Puck of, is this. That he was not compelled, like meaner spirits, to vanish at the first appearance of the dawn. STEEVENS.

P. 142. l. 22. *Ho, ho! ho, ho!*] This exclamation would have been utter'd by Puck with greater propriety, if he were not now playing an assumed character, which he, in the present instance, seems to forget. MALONE.

P. 142, l. 29. *Thou shalt buy this dear,*] i. e. *thou shalt dearly pay for this.* Though this is sense, [and may well enough stand, yet the poet perhaps wrote *thou shalt 'by it dear.* So, in another place, *thou shalt aby it.* So, Milton, „*How dearly I abide that boast so vain.*“

JOHNSON.

P. 143, last l. *When thou wak'st,*

Thou tak'st

True delight, etc.] The second line would be improved, I think, both in its measure and construction, if it were written thus:

When thou wak'st,

See thou tak'st,

True delight, etc. TYRWHITT.

P. 144, l. 13. I see no reason why the fourth act should begin here, when there seems no interruption of the action. In the old quartos of 1600, there is no division of acts, which seems to have been afterwards arbitrarily made in the first folio, and may therefore be altered at pleasure.

JOHNSON.

P. 144, l. 19. *To coy is to soothe, to stroke.*

STEEVENS.

P. 145, l. 9. — *nois,*] i. e. fist.

P. 145, l. 15. — but to help *cavalero Cobweb* to scratch.] Without doubt it should be *Cavalero Peas blossom*, as for *cavalero Cobweb*, he had just been dispatched upon a perilous adventure.

GREY.

P. 145, l. 20. — let us have *the tongs and the bones*.] The old rustic musick of the *tongs and key*. STEEVENS.

P. 145, last but one l. *Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away*.] i. e. disperse yourselves, and scout out severally, in your *watch*, that danger approach us from no quarter. THEOBALD.

P. 145, last l. and P. 146, l. 1. 2.

So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle,

*Gently entwist, — the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.]*

What does the *woodbine* entwist? The *honey-suckle*. But the *woodbine* and *honey-suckle* were, till now, but two names for one and the same plant. Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, interprets *Madre Selva* by *woodbine* or *honey-suckle*. We must therefore find a support for the *woodbine* as well as for the *ivy*. Which is done by reading the lines thus:

„*So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle,*

„*Gently entwist the maple; ivy so*

„*Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.*“

The corruption might happen by the first blunderer dropping the *p* in writing the word *maple*, which word thence became *male*. A following transcriber, for the sake of a little sense and measure, thought fit to change this *male* into *female*, and then tacked it as an epithet to *ivy*. WARBURG

Upton reads:

„So doth the woodbine the sweet honey-suckle,”

a bark of the wood. Shakspeare perhaps only meant, so the leaves involve the flower, using *woodbine* for the plant, and *honey-suckle* for the flower; or perhaps Shakspeare made a blunder.

JOHNSON.

The thought is Chaucer's. See his *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 1236.

What Shakspeare seems to mean, is this — *So the woodbine, i. e. the sweet honey-suckle, doth continually entwine the barmy fingers of the elm, and so does the female ivy enring the same fingers.* It is not unfrequent in the poets, as well as other writers, to explain one word by another which is better known. The reason why Shakspeare thought *woodbine* wanted illustration, perhaps is this. In some counties, by *woodbine* *woodbind* would have been generally understood the ivy, which he had occasion to mention in the very next line. In the following instance from *Old Fortunatus*, 1600, *woodbind* is used for ivy:

„And, as the running *woodbind*, spread her arms

„To choak thy with'ring boughs in her embrace.”

And Barrett in his *Alvearie*, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, enforces the same distinction as Shakspeare thought it necessary to make:

„*Woodbin* that beareth the *honey-suckle*.”

STEEVENS.

This passage has given rise to various conjectures. It is certain, that the *woodbine* and the *honey-suckle* were sometimes considered as differ-

rent plants. In one of Taylor's poems, we have

„The *woodbine*, primrose, and the cowslip
fine,

„The *honisuckle*, and the daffadill.“

But I think, Mr. Steevens's interpretation the true one. The old writers did not always carry the auxiliary verb forward, as Mr. Capell seems to suppose by his alteration of *enrings* to *enring*. So Bishop Lowth, in his excellent *Introduction to Grammar*, p. 126, has without reason corrected a similar passage in our translation of *St. Matthew*. FARMER.

Were any change necessary, I should not scruple to read the *weedbind*, i. e. smilax: a plant that twists round every other that grows in its way. STEEVENS.

In Lord Bacon's *Nat. Hist.* Experiment 496, it is observed that there are two kinds of „*honey-suckles*, both the *woodbine*, and the *trefoil*.“ i. e. the first is a *plant* that winds about trees, and the other is a three-leaved *grass*. Perhaps these are meant in Dr. Farmer's quotation. The distinction, however, may serve to shew why Shakspeare and other authors frequently added *woodbine*, to *honey-suckle*, when they mean the *plant* and not the *grass*. TOLLET.

The interpretation of either Dr. Johnson or Mr. Steevens removes all difficulty.

If Dr. Johnson's explanation be right, there should be no point after *woodbine*, *honey suckle*, or *enrings*. MALONE.

P. 146, first l. Shakspeare calls it *female* ivy, because it always requires some support, which is poetically called its husband.

STEEVENS
Ther

Though the *ivy* here represents the *female*, there is, notwithstanding, an evident reference in the words *enrings* and *fingers*, to the *ring* of the *marriage rite*. HENLEY.

In our ancient marriage ceremony, (or rather, perhaps, contract,) the woman gave the man a ring, as well as received one from him.

STEEVENS.

P. 146, l. 16. The *eye* of a flower is the technical term for its center. STEEVENS.

P. 147, first l. *Dian's bud*, is the bud of the *Agnus Castus*, or *Chaste Tree*. *Cupid's flower*, is the *Viola tricolor*, or *Love in Idleness*.

STEEVENS.

P. 147, l. 25. And bless it to all *fair* posterity:] We should read:

„— to all far posterity.“

i. e. to the remotest posterity. VARBURTON.

Fair posterity is the right reading.

In the concluding song, where Oberon blesses the nuptial bed, part of his benediction is, that the posterity of Theseus shall be *fair*.

M. MASON.

P. 147, l. 28. *Sad* signifies only grave, sober; and is opposed to their dances and revels, which were now ended at the singing of the morning lark. So, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV: „*My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk.*“ For *grave* or *serious*. VARBURTON.

A statute 3 Henry VII. c. xiv. directs certain offences committed in the King's palace, to be tried by twelve *good* men of the King's household.

BLACKSTONE.

P. 148, l. 3. For now our observation is per-
form'd:] The honour due
o the morning of May. I know not why
VOL. III.

Shakspeare calls this play *A Midsummer Night Dream*, when he so carefully informs us that happened on the night preceding *May* day.

JOHNSO

The title of this play seems no more intended to denote the precise *time of the action*, than that of *The Winter's Tale*; which we find, was at the season of sheep-shearing. FARMER.

The same phrase has been used in a former scene:

„To do observance to a morn of May.“

I imagine that the title of this play was suggested by the time it was first introduced on stage, which was probably at *Midsummer*. Dream for the *entertainment* of a *Midsummer* night.“ *Twelfth Night* and *The Winter's Tale* had probably their titles from a similar circumstance.

MALOT

In *Twelfth Night*, Act III. sc. iv. Olivia serves of Malvolio's seeming frenzy, that it, „is very *Midsummer* madness.“ That time of the year we may therefore suppose was anciently thought productive of mental vagaries resembling the scheme of Shakspeare's Play. To this circumstance might have owed its title. STEEVENS.

P. 148, l. 4. *Vaward* is compounded of *v* and *ward*, the forepart. STEEVENS.

P. 148, l. 12. *Bearbaiting* was once a diversion esteemed proper for royal personages, even of the softer sex. While the Princess Elizabeth remained at Hatfield house, under the custody of Sir Thomas Pope, she was visited by Queen Mary. The next morning they were entertained with a public exhibition of bearbaiting, with which *Highnesses* were right well content. See

Sir Thomas Pope, cited by Warton in his History of English Poetry, Vol. II. p. 391. STEEVENS.

In *The Winter's Tale* Antigonus is destroyed by a *bear*, who is chased by hunters. MALONE.

Holinshed, with whose histories our poet was well acquainted, says, „the *beare* is a beast commonlie hunted in the East countrie.“ See Vol. I. p. 206; and in p. 226, he says, „Alexander at vacant time hunted the tiger, the pard, the bore, and the *beare*.“ Pliny, Plutarch, etc. mention bear-hunting. Turberville, in his *Book of Hunting*, has two chapters on hunting the *bear*. As the persons mentioned by the poet are foreigners of the heroic strain, he might perhaps think it nobler sport for them to hunt the *bear* than the *boar*. Shakspeare must have read the *Knight's Tale* in Chaucer, wherein are mentioned Theseus's „white alandes, [grey-hounds,] to huntin at the lyon, or the wild *bere*.“ TOLLET.

P. 148, l. 14. *Chiding* in this instance means only *sound*. STEEVENS.

P. 148, l. 20. *So flew'd*,] Sir T. Hanmer justly remarks, that *flews* are the large chaps of a deep-mouth'd hound. Arthur Golding uses this word in his translation of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, finished 1567, a book with which Shakspeare appears to have been well acquainted. The poet is describing Actaeon's hounds, B. III. p. 34. b. 1575. Two of them, like our author's, were of Spartan kind; bred from a Spartan bitch and a Cretan dog:

„— with other twaine, that had a syre of
Crete,

„And dam of Sparta: tone of them called
Jollyboy, a great

„And large-flew'd hound.“

Shakespeare mentions Cretan hounds (with Spartan) afterwards in this speech of Theseus. An Ovid's translator, Golding, in the same description has them both in one verse, *ibid.* p. 84. a.

„This latter was a hounde of Crete, the other was of Spart.“

T. WARTON

P. 148, l. 20. *So sanded;*] So marked with small spots. JOHNSON.

Sandy'd means of a sandy colour, which one of the true denotements of a blood-hound.

STEEVENSON

P. 148, last l. No doubt, they rose up early,
observe

The rite of May;] The rite of the month was once so universally observed, that even authors thought their works would obtain more favourable reception, if published on *May day*.

P. 149, l. 9—11. — *Saint Valentine is pa-*
Begin these wood-birds but to couple
now?] Alluding to the saying, that birds begin to couple on St. Valentine's day. STEEVENS.

P. 150, l. 4. Fair Helena in *fancy* following *Fancy* is here taken for *love* or *affection*, and opposed to *fury*, as before:

„*Sighs and tears, poor Fancy's followers,*“

Some now call that which a man takes particular delight in, his *fancy*. *Flower-fancier*, for florist, and *bird-fancier*, for a lover and feeder of birds, are colloquial words. JOHNSON.

P. 150, last l. And I have found Demetrius
like a jewel,

Mine own, and not mine own.] He had observed that things appeared double

Helena replies, *so methinks*; and then subjoins, that Demetrius was like a *jewel*, her own and not her own. He is here, then, compared to something which had the property of appearing to be one thing when it was another. Not the property sure of a jewel: or, if you will, of none but a false one. We should read:

„And I have found Demetrius like a gemell,
„Mine own, and not mine own.“

From *Gemellus*, a twin. For Demetrius had that night acted two such different parts, that she could hardly think them both played by one and the same Demetrius; but that there were twin Demetriuses like the two Sosias in the farce. From *Gemellus* comes the French, *Gemeau* or *Jumeau*, and in the feminine, *Gemelle* or *Jumelle*: So, in Maçon's translation of *The Decameron of Boccaccio* — „Il avoit trois filles plus âgées que les masles, des quelles les deux qui estoient jumelles avoient quinze ans.“ Quatrieme Jour. Nov. 3.

WARBURTON.

This emendation is ingenious enough to deserve to be true. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton has been accused of coining the word, *gemell*: but Drayton has it in the preface to his *Baron's Wars*, „The quadrin doth never double; or to use a word of heraldrie, never bringeth forth *gemels*.“ FARMER.

Again:

„— unless they had been all *gemels* or couplets.“ STEEVENS.

Helena, I think, means to say, that having found Demetrius *unexpectedly*, she considered her property in him as insecure as that which a person has in a jewel that he has found by accident: which he knows not whether he shall retain, and

which therefore may properly enough be called *his own and not his own*. She does not say, as Dr. Warburton has represented, that Demetrius *was like a jewel*, but that she had *found him, like a jewel*, etc. MALONE.

P. 151, l. 23. *A patch'd fool*, is a fool in a particolour'd coat. JOHNSON.

P. 151, l. 25. *The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen*; etc.] He is here blundering upon the scriptural passage of „Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things,” etc. 1. Cor. ii. 9. DOUCE.

P. 152, l. 17. — *a thing of nought*.] This Mr. Theobald changes with great pomp to *a thing of naught*; i. e. *a good for nothing thing*.

JOHNSON.

P. 152, l. 22. — *if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men*.] In the same sense as in *The Tempest*, „*any monster in England makes a man*.” JOHNSON.

P. 152, l. 28. — *six-pence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing*.] Shakspeare has already ridiculed the title-page of *Cambyzes* by Thomas Preston; and here he seems to allude to him, or some other person who, like him, had been pensioned for his dramatic abilities. *Preston* acted a part in John Ritwise's play of *Dido* before Queen Elizabeth at Cambridge, in 1564; and the Queen was so well pleased, that she bestowed on him a pension of *twenty pounds a year*, which is little more than a *skilling a day*. STEEVENS.

P. 153, l. 10. — *good strings to your beards*,] i. e. to prevent the false beards, which they were to wear, from falling off. MALONE.

As no false beard could be worn, without a

figure to fasten it on, (and a slender one would suffice,) the caution of Bottom, considered in such a light, is superfluous. I suspect therefore that the *good strings* recommended by him, were ornamental, or employed to give an air of novelty to the countenances of the performers.

STEEVENS.

P. 154, l. 7. *The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,*] An ingenious modern writer supposes that our author had here in contemplation Orestes, Mark Antony, and himself; but I do not recollect any passage in his works that shows him to have been acquainted with the story of Agamemnon's son, — *scelerum furis agitatus Orestes*; and indeed, if even such were found, the supposed allusion would still remain very problematical. MALONE.

P. 154, l. 8. *Are of imagination all compact:*] i. e. made up of mere imagination. STEEVENS.

P. 154, l. 11. By „a brow of Egypt“ Shakspeare means no more than the *brow of a gipsy*. So much for some ingenious modern's ideal *Cleopatra*.

STEEVENS.

P. 154, l. 27. And grows to something of great *constancy*; i. e. consistency, stability, certainty. JOHNSON.

P. 155, l. 13. By *abridgment* our author may mean a dramattick performance, which crowds the events of years into a few hours. It may be worth while, however, to observe, that in the North the word *abatement* had the same meaning as *diversion* or *amusement*. STEEVENS.

Does not *abridgement* in the present instance, signify *amusement* to beguile the tediousness of the evening? or, in one word, *pastime*?

HARLEY.

P. 155, l. 17. There is *a brief*, i. e. a short account or enumeration. STEEVENS.

P. 155, l. 23. — — — *to be sung*

By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.]
This seems to imply a more ancient practice of castration for the voice, than can be found in opera annals. BURNBY.

P. 155, l. 30. 31. *The thrice three Muses
mourning for the death*

Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.]
I do not know whether it has been before observed, that Shakspeare here, perhaps, alluded to Spenser's poem, entitled *The Tears of the Muses*, on the neglect and contempt of learning. This piece appeared in quarto, with others 1591. The oldest edition of this play now known is dated 1600. If Spenser's poem be here intended, may we not presume that there is some earlier edition of this? But however, if the allusion be allowed, at least it seems to bring the play below 1591.

T. WARTON.

P. 155, l. 32. *Critical*, here means *criticising, censuring*. STEEVENS.

P. 156, first l. *That is, hot ice, and wonderous
strange snow.]* The nonsense of this line should be corrected thus:

„That is, hot ice, a wonderous strange show.“

WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton reads, not improbably:

„And wonderous strange black snow.“

JOHNSON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads — *wonderous searching snow*. Mr. Pope omits the line entirely. I think the passage needs no change, on account of the versification; for wonderous is as often used

as *three*, as it is as *two* syllables. The meaning of the line is —

„— *hot ice*, and snow of *as strange a quality*.”

STEEVENS.

As there is no antithesis between *strange* and *snow*, as there is between *hot* and *ice*, I believe we should read — „and wonderous *strong snow*.”

M. MASON.

In support of Mr. Mason's conjecture it may be observed that the words *strong* and *strange* are often confounded in our old plays.

MALONE.

P. 166, l. 18. — *unbreath'd memories*] That is, *unexercised*, *unpractised memories*.

STEEVENS.

P. 156, l. 24. 25. Unless you can find sport in their *intents*,

Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain, etc.] Thus all the copies. But as I know not what it is to *stretch* and *con* an *intent*, I suspect a line to be lost. JOHNSON.

To *intend* and to *attend* were anciently synonymous. Of this use several instances are given in a note on the third scene of the first act of *Othello*. *Intents* therefore may be put for the object of their *attention*. We still say a person is *intent* on his business. STEEVENS.

P. 157, l. 3. *Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:*] Voltaire says something like this of Louis XIV. who took a pleasure in seeing his courtiers in confusion when they spoke to him. I am told, however, by a writer in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, for Nov. 1786, that I have assigned a malignant instead of humane sentiment to Theseus, and that

he really means — *We will accept with pleasure even their blundering attempts.* STEEVENS.

P. 157, l. 4. 6. *And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in 'might, not
merit.]* The sense of this passage, as it now stands, if it has any sense, is this: *What the inability of duty cannot perform, regardful generosity receives as an act of ability, though not of merit.* The contrary is rather true: *What dutifulness tries to perform without ability, regardful generosity receives as having the merit, though not the power, of complete performance.*

We should therefore read:

*And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes not in might, but merit.*

JOHNSON.

In *might*, is perhaps an elliptical expression for *what might have been.* STEEVENS.

If this passage is to stand as it is, the meaning appears to be this: — „and what poor duty would do, but cannot accomplish, noble respect considers as it *might* have been, not as it is.“

M. MASON.

And what dutifulness tries to perform without ability, regardful generosity receives with complacency, estimating it not by the actual *merit* of the performance, but by what it *might* have been, were the abilities of the performers equal to their zeal. — Such, I think, is the true interpretation of this passage; for which the reader is indebted partly to Dr. Johnson, and partly to Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

P. 157, l. 21. — *address.] That is, ready.*

STEEVENSON

P. 157, l. 22. *Flourish of Trumpets.*] It appears from *The Guls Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609, that the prologue was anciently usher'd in by trumpets. „Present not yoursele on the stage (especially at a new play) until the quaking prologue hath (by rubbing) got cullor in his cheekes, and is ready to give the *trumpets* their cue that hee's upon point to enter.“ STEEVENS.

P. 158. l. 7. *Recorder* ;] Lord Bacon in his natural history, cent. iii. sect. 221, speaks of *recorders* and flutes at the same instant, and says, that the *recorder* hath a less bore, and a greater, above and below; and elsewhere, cent. ii. sect. 187, he speaks of it as having six holes, in which respect it answers to the Tibia minor or Flajolet of Merseusus. From all which particulars it should seem that the flute and the *recorder* were different instruments, and that the latter in propriety of speech was no other than the flagelet. *Hawkins's History of Musick*, Vol. IV. p. 479.

REED.

Shakspeare introduces the same instrument in *Hamlet*; and *Milton* says:

„To the sound of soft *recorders*.“

The *recorder* is mentioned in many of the old plays. STEEVENS.

P. 158, l. 8. — a sound, but *not in government*.] That is, not regularly, according to the tune.

STEEVENS.

Hamlet, speaking of a *recorder*, says, — „*Govern* these ventages with your fingers and thumb; give it breath with your mouch; and it will discourse most eloquent music.“ — This explains the meaning of *government* in this passage.

M. MAISON.

P. 158, l. 13. In this place the folio, 1623, exhibits the following prompter's direction.
Tawyer with a trumpet before them.

STEEVENS.

P. 158, l. 19. A burlesque was here intended on the frequent recurrence of „*certain*“ as a bungling rhyme in poetry more ancient than the age of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

P. 159, l. 9. Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade, etc.] Mr. Upton rightly observes, that Shakspeare in this line ridicules the affectation of beginning many words with the same letter. He might have remarked the same of

„*The raging rocks*

„*And shivering shocks.*“

Cascoigne, contemporary with our poet, remarks and blames the same affectation. JOHNSON.

P. 159, l. 34. 35. *Dem.* It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse,] Demetrius is represented as a punster: I believe the passage should be read: This is the wittiest *partition*, that ever I heard *in discourse*. Alluding to the many stupid *partitions* in the argumentative writings of the time. Shakspeare himself, as well as his contemporaries, uses *discourse* for *reasoning*: and he here avails himself of the double sense; as he had done before in the word, *partition*.

FARMER.

P. 161, l. 8. 9. Limander and Helen, are spoken by the blundering player, for Leander and Hero. Shafalus and Procrus, for Cephalus and Procris.

JOHNSON.

P. 161, l. 27. 28. — when walls are so wilful to hear with out warning.] This alludes to the proverb, „*Walls have ears.*“ A wall between

almost any *two neighbours* would soon be down, were it to exercise this faculty without previous warning. FARMER.

P. 162, l. 5. Here come two noble beasts in, a *moon* and a lion.] I cannot help supposing that we should have it, a *moon-calf*; The old copies read a *man*: possibly *man* was the marginal interpretation of *moon-calf*; and being more intelligible, got into the text.

The *man in the moon* was no new character on the stage, and is here introduced in ridicule of such exhibitions. Ben Jonson in one of his masques, call'd *News from the New World in the Moon*, makes his *Factor* doubt of the person who brings the intelligence. „I must see his dog at his girdle, and the bush of thorns at his back, ere I believe it.“ — „Those, replies one of the heralds, are *stale ensigns o' the stage*.“

FARMER.

P. 162, l. 16. 17. *Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am*

A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:]

That is, that I am Snug the joiner; and neither a lion, nor a lion's dam. Dr. Johnson has justly observed in a note on *All's well that ends well*, that *nor* in the phraseology of our author's time often related to two members of a sentence.

MALONE.

P. 163, l. 13. 14. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you see, *it is already in snuff*.] An equivocation. *Snuff* signifies both the cinder of a candle, and hasty anger. JOHNSON.

P. 164, l. 5. To mouse signified to mammoock, to tear in pieces, as a cat tears a mouse.

MALONE.

P. 164, l. 26. *Thrum* is the end or extremity of a weaver's warp; it is popularly used for very coarse yarn. The maids now call a mop of yarn a *thrum mop*. WARNER.

P. 164, l. 27. To *quell* is to murder, to destroy. STEEVENS.

P. 165, l. 8. — *cheer*.] i. e. countenance.

STEEVENS.

P. 165, l. 26. The character of Theseus throughout this play is more exalted in its humanity, than its greatness. Though some sensible observations on life, and animated descriptions fall from him, as it is said of Iago, *you shall taste him more as a soldier than as a wit*, which is a distinction he is here striving to deserve, though with little success; as in support of his pretensions he never rises higher than a *pun*, and frequently sinks as low as a *quibble*. STEEVENS.

P. 166, l. 5. *And thus she moans*.] Mr. Theobald alters *means* to *moans*: but *means* had anciently had the same signification. Mr. Pinkerton (under the name of Robert Heron, Esq.) observes that it is a common term in the Scotch law, signifying to *tell*, to *relate*, to *declare*; and that petitions to the Lords of session in Scotland, run, „To the Lords of council and session humbly *means* and shows your petitioner.“ Here, however, it evidently signifies *complains*. Bills in Chancery begin in a similar manner. „Humbly *complaining* sheweth unto your Lordship,“ etc. The word occurs in an ancient manuscript in my own possession:

„This ender day wen me was wo,

„Under a bugh ther I lay;

„Naght gale to mene me to.“

So again, in a very ancient Scottish song:

„I hard ane may sair mwrne and *mayne*.“

RITSON.

P. 166, l. 12. *These lilly brows,*
This cherry nose,] *Lily lips* are
 hanged to *lily brows* for the sake of the rhyme,
 ut this cannot be right: Thisbe has before cele-
 rated her Pyramus, as

„Lilly-white of hue.“
 t should be:

„These lips lilly,
 „This nose cherry.“

This mode of position adds not a little to the
 urlesque of the passage. FARMER.

P. 167, first l. — to hear a *Bergomask dance*,]
 ir Thomas Hanmer observes in his *Glossary*,
 hat this is a dance after the manner of the peasants
 f *Bergomasco*, a country in Italy, [belonging to
 he Venetians. All the buffoons in Italy affect to
 mitate the ridiculous jargon of that people; and
 rom thence it became also a custom to imitate
 heir manner of dancing. STEEVENS.

P. 167, l. 2. — *between two of our company?*]
 At the conclusion of Beaumont and Fletcher's
Beggar's Bush, there seems to be a sneer at this
 character of *Bottom*; but I do not very clearly
 perceive its drift. The beggars have resolved to
 embark for England, and exercise their profession
 here. One of them adds:

„— we have a course; —

„The spirit of *Bottom*, is grown bottomless.“

This may mean, that either the publick grew
 ndifferent to bad actors, to plays in general, or
 o characters, the humour of which consisted in
 blunders. STEEVENS.

P. 167, l. 18. *The heavy gait* —] i. e. slow
usage, progress. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

„You must send the ass upon the horse, for it is slow-gaited.“ In another play we have „heavy-gaited toads.“ STREVEENS.

P. 167, l. 24. *Now the hungry lion roars* has been justly observed by an anonymous writer that, „among this assemblage of familiar circumstances attending midnight, either in England or its neighbouring kingdoms, Shakspeare would never have thought of intermixing the extraordinary idea of the *hungry lion roaring*, which can be heard no nearer than in the deserts of Africa: he had not read in the 104th Psalm: „I will make darkness that it may be night, wherein the beasts of the forest do move; the lions roaring after their prey, do seek their meat from G

MAL.

P. 167, l. 25. *And the wolf behowls the moon* In the old copies: „And the wolf *beholds* the moon.“ As 'tis the design of these lines to characterize the animals, as they present themselves at the hour of midnight; and as the wolf is justly characterized by saying he *beholds* the moon, which other beasts of prey, then awake: and as the sounds these animals make at this season, seem also intended to be represented, I find no question but the poet wrote:

„*And the wolf behowls the moon.*“

For so the wolf is exactly characterized, being his peculiar property to *howl at the moon* (*Behowl*, as *bemoan*, *beseem*, and an hundred others.) WARBURTON.

The alteration is better than the original reading; but perhaps the author meant only to say that the wolf *gazes* at the moon. JOHNSON.

I think, „*Now the wolf behowls the moon*“ was the original text. The allusion is frequent

met with in the works of our author and his contemporaries. „'Tis like the *howling* of Irish wolves against the *moon*," says he, in his *As You Like It*; and Massinger, in his *New Way to pay old Debts*, makes an usurer feel only

„— as the *moon* is mov'd

„When wolves with hunger pin'd, *howl* at her brightness." FARMER.

The word *behold*s was in the time of Shakspeare frequently written *beould*s (as, I suppose, it was then pronounced,) — which probably occasioned the mistake. MALONE.

P. 167, l. 27. — *fordone*.] i. e. overcome.

STEEVENS.

P. 168, l. 11. 12. *I am sent, with broom, before,*

To sweep the dust behind the door.]

Cleanliness is always necessary to invite the residence and the favour of fairies;

*These make our girls their slutt'ry rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe*

The house for cleanly sweeping. Drayton.

JOHNSON:

To sweep the dust behind the door, is a common expression, and a common practice in large old houses; where the doors of halls and galleries are thrown backward, and seldom or ever shut.

FARMER.

P. 168, l. 15. *Through this house give glimmering light,*] Milton perhaps had this picture in his thought:

And glowing embers through the room

Teach light to counterfeit a gloom. Il Penseroso.

I think it should be read:

Through this house in glimmering light. JOHNSON.

P. 168, last but one l. This speech, w^h the old quartos give to Oberon, is in th^e of 1623, and in all the following, print song. I have restored it to Oberon, a^rently contains not the blessing which h^e to bestow on the bed, but his declaration will bless it, and his orders to the fairies perform the necessary rites. But where the song? — I am afraid it is gone aⁿ other things of greater value. The trut^h two songs are lost. The series of the this; after the speech of Puck, Oberon e^r calls his fairies to a song, which song^rently wanting in all the copies. Nex^t leads another song, which is indeed lost^r former, though the editors have endeav^e find it. Then Oberon dismisses his fairies despatch of the ceremonies.

The songs, I suppose were lost, beca^u were not inserted in the players' parts, fro^m the drama was printed. JOHNSON.

P. 169, l. 1. 2. To the best bride-bed

Which by us shall ble.

We learn from „Articles ordered by H^{is} VII. for the Regulation of his Househo^{ld} this ceremony was observed at the Mar^{riage} a Princess. „— All men at her commin^{ion} bee voided, except woemen, till shee bee to her bedd; and the man both; he si^{tt} his bedd in his shirte, with a gowne on him. Then the Bishoppe, with the Ch^{urchmen} to come in, and *blesse the bedd*; then ev^{ery} to avoide without any drinke, save tl^e estates, if they liste, privily. p. 129. &

P. 169, l. 9. — hare-lip.] This defect^{er} ren seems to have been so much an

numerous were the charms applied for its prevention. The following might be as efficacious as any of the rest. „If a woman with chylde have her smocke slyt at the neather ende or skyrt thereof, etc. the same chylde that she then goeth withall, shall be safe from having a cloven or *hare lippe*.” Thomas Lupton's *Fourth Book of Notable Things*, 4to. bl. l. STEEVENS.

P. 169, l. 10. *Prodigious* has here its primitive signification of *portentous*. STEEVENS.

P. 169, l. 14. Ever fairy *take his gait!*] i. e. take his way, or direct his steps. STEEVENS.

By *gate*, I believe is meant, the door of each chamber. M. MASON.

P. 169, l. 32. *If we have unearned luck*] i. e. if we have better fortune than we have deserved. STEEVENS.

P. 169, l. 33. *Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,*] That is, if we be dismissed without hisses.

JOHNSON.

P. 170, l. 3. *Give me your hands,*] That is, Clap your hands. Give us your applause.

JOHNSON.

P. 170, last l. Wild and fantastical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure which the author designed. Fairies in his time were much in fashion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenser's poem had made them great.

JOHNSON.

See p. 111. and the Note.

DR. Warburton, whose ingenuity and acuteness have been long admired, is now, I believe, pretty generally thought to have some times seen not only what no other person would ever have been

able to discover, but what, in reality, his own playful imagination, did not criticism is a talisman, which has, on more occasion, dispelled the illusions of the magician. I shall not dispute, that, *by* *vestal*, Shakspeare intended a comparison Queen Elizabeth, who, I am willing at the age of sixty eight, was no less *beautiful*; but whether any other part of the speech have an allegorical meaning or not, I assume, in direct opposition to Dr. Warburton, to contend that it agrees with any other part with Mary Queen of Scots. The „satire and panegyrick“ I shall examine only wish to know, for the present, what have been „inconvenient for the author openly“ in „dispraise“ of the Scottish queen, he meant to please „the imperial votaries“ incense could have been half so grateful blackest calumny. But, it seems, „he would not forgive her satirist.“ Who her „successor“ when this play was written Mary's son, James? I am persuaded that Warburton been better read in the history of the times, he would not have found this succession quite so certain, at that period have prevented Shakspeare, who was by the refined speculatist he would induce to suppose, from gratifying the „fair vestal's“ sentiments so agreeable to her. However the poet has so well marked out every distinct circumstance of her life and character *beautiful* allegory, as will leave no room about his secret meaning.“ there is an controversy. For, though the satire is cowardly, false and infamous, yet,

couched under an allegory, which, while perspicuous as glass to Elizabeth, would have become opake as a mill-stone to her successor, Shakspeare, lying as snug as his own Ariel in a cowslip's bell, would have had no reason to apprehend any ill consequences from it. Now, though our speculative bard might not be able to fore-see the sagacity of the Scottish King in smelling out a plot, as I believe it was some years after that he gave any proof of his excellence that way, he could not but have heard of his being an admirable witch-finder; and, surely, the skill requisite to detect a witch must be sufficient to develope an allegory; so that I must needs question the propriety of the compliment here paid to the poet's prudence. Queen Mary „is called a *Mermaid*, 1. to denote her reign over a kingdom situate in the sea.“ In that respect at least Elizabeth was as much a mermaid as herself. „And 2. her beauty and intemperate lust; for as Elizabeth for her chastity is called a Vestal, this unfortunate lady, on a contrary account, is called a *mermaid*.“ All this is as false as it is foolish: The mermaid was never the emblem of lust; nor was the „gentle Shakspeare“ of a character or disposition to have insulted the memory of a murdered Princess by so infamous a charge. The most abandoned libeler, even Buchanan himself, never accused her of „intemperate lust;“ and it is pretty well understood at present that, if either of these ladies were remarkable for her purity, it was *not* Queen Elizabeth. „3. An ancient story may be supposed to be here alluded to; the Emperor Julian tells us that the *Sirens* (which with all the modern poets are *mermaids*) contended for precedence with the *Muses*, who overcoming them took

away their wings." Can any thing be more ridiculous? *Mermaids* are half women and half fishes: where then are their wings? or what possible use could they make of them if they have any? The *Sirens* which Julian speaks of were partly women and partly *birds*: so that „the pollution," as good-man Dull hath it, by no means „holds in the exchange." „The quarrels between Mary and Elizabeth had the same cause and the same issue." That is, they contended for precedence, and Elizabeth overcoming took away the others wings. The secret of their contest for precedence should seem to have been confined to Dr. Warburton: It would be in vain to enquire after it in the history of the time. The Queen of Scots, indeed, flew for refuge to her treacherous rival, (who is here again the mermaid of the allegory, alluring to destruction, by her songs and fair speeches,) and wearing, it should seem, like cherubim, her wings on her neck, Elizabeth, who was determined she should fly no more, in her eagerness to tear them away, happened inadvertently to take off her head. The situation of the poet's mermaid, *on a dolphin's back*, „evidently marks out that distinguishing circumstance in Mary's fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of France." A mermaid would seem to have but a strangely awkward seat on the back of a dolphin but that, to be sure, is the poet's affair, and not the commentator's: the latter, however, is certainly answerable for placing a Queen on the back of her husband: a very extraordinary situation one would think, for a married lady; and of which I only recollect a single instance, in the common print of „a poor man loaded with mischiefs. *Mermaids* are supposed to sing, but their dis-

and harmonious breath must in this instance to suit the allegory, allude to „those great abilities of genius and learning,“ which rendered Queen Mary „the most accomplished Princess of her age.“ This compliment could not fail of being highly agreeable to the „fair Vestal.“ „By the rude sea is meant Scotland *incircled with the ocean*, which rose up in arms against the regent, while she [Mary] was in France. But her return home quieted these disorders: and had not her strange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, she might have passed her whole life in peace.“ Dr. Warburton whose skill in geography, seems to match his knowledge of history and acuteness in allegory, must be allowed the sole merit of discovering Scotland to be an *island*. But, as to the disorders of that country being quieted by the Queen's return, it appears from history to be full as peaceable before as it is at any time after that event. Whether, in the revival or continuance of these disorders, she, or her idiot husband, or fanatical subjects were most to blame, is a point upon which doctors still differ; but, it is evident, that, if the enchanting song of the commentators mermaid civilized the rude sea for a time, it was only to render it, in an instant, more boisterous than ever: those great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the most accomplished Princess of her age, not availing her among a parcel of ferocious and enthusiastic barbarians, whom even the lyre of Orpheus had in vain warbled to humanize. Brantome, who accompanied her, says she was welcomed home by a mob of five or six hundred ragamuffins, who, in discord with the most execrable instruments, sung *psalms* (which she was supposed to

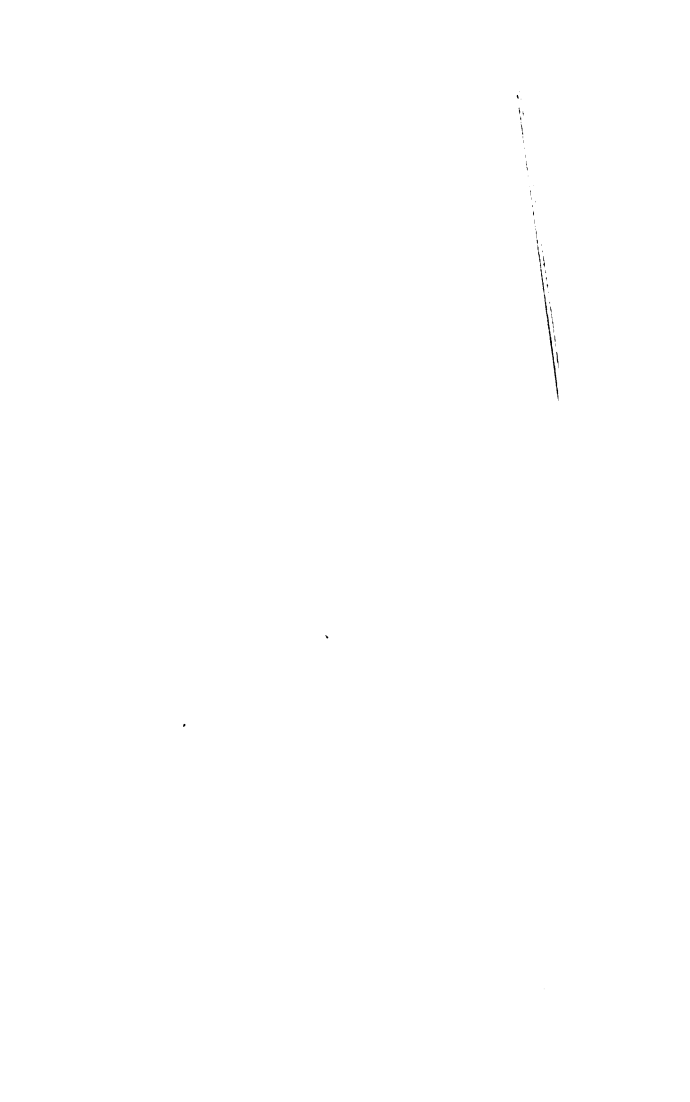
SUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

at window: „He! adds
il repos pour sa nuit!“
There is great justness and
as the vulgar opinion is,
sings in storms.“ „This
persuaded, is peculiar to
tor; as, if the mermaid is
it is in *calms*, which pre-
ceive no propriety in call-
of the Northern Earls the
, unless in so far as it was
he professed. But this per-
sionable part of a chimerical
he poet himself had no idea,
mentator, to whose creative
istence, seems to have very
in telling us it is „out of
I conceive, perfectly ground-
RITSON.

IN THIRD VOLUME.



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